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The Week

WE regret that the appearance of this issue of the *Nation* has been delayed by a pressmen's strike affecting nearly all the printing establishments of New York.

SINCE the leading articles in this issue were put into type, the President's note to Germany, of October 23, has appeared. It is a highly inconsistent document. He is first so favorably impressed by the assurances that Prince Max gave as to the changes in the German Government that "he cannot decline to lay the matter of an armistice before the Allies." Later he swings completely around, declaring that the United States "cannot trust the word of those who have hitherto been the masters of German policy," and can only deal "with veritable representatives of the German people, who have been assured of a genuine constitutional standing as the real rulers of Germany. If it must deal with the military masters and the monarchical authorities of Germany . . . it must demand not peace negotiations, but surrender." The resultant confusion in the American mind as to what the President's attitude now is, is obvious in the press and the printed opinions of public men. But several things are perfectly clear. The reforms the President demands of Germany cannot be accomplished under many months except possibly by a Bolshevist revolution. Again, the President, while temporizing plainly, yields in this note to the "bitter-enders." He discards in this matter his principle of self-determination; he absolutely takes back his words of January 8, 1918: "Neither do we presume to suggest to her (Germany) any alteration or modification of her institutions." The outlook at this writing is for a continuance of the war with the German people, perhaps for the first time, whole-heartedly united against us.

THE separation of Hungary from Austria, prematurely announced as already decided on at Budapest, is at least under discussion on motion of Count Karolyi, and it appears to have a strong body of opinion behind it. Austria and Hungary are not so much one country as a political partnership by contract. Separation, if it should come, would not involve the breaking of serious bonds. Apart from the slender tie of personal union under the same sovereign, the main common matters are only three. These are foreign affairs (implying common diplomatic representation); army and navy; and finance so far as it relates to common concerns. There is no common parliament and the two "delegations" which regulate common business do not even deliberate together, but communicate their decisions to each other in writing. The commercial agreement which gives Austria and Hungary the same coinage, weights and measures, and a joint bank of issue, and forms them into practically one customs territory, is not permanent but is supposed to be renewed every ten years; at present it is provisional until the end of 1919. Hungary, while posing by preference as Austria's victim, has been in a position to exact good terms for herself in their recurrent bargains. If she now, whether from dislike of the proposed federalization of Austria, from dread of increasing German control of that State, or from whatever other cause, "fears to be infected with Austrian rottenness," it will mean that the ruling oligarchy see their own advantage in the move for separation.

THE capture of the German submarine bases along the North Sea will undoubtedly affect the circuitous route which European neutrals have been obliged to follow for almost three years. There is another question which affects the Central Powers and the neutral nations which the defeat of Germany's continental ambitions will soon bring forward. We refer to the economic treaties which Germany has concluded with all of her neutral neighbors. Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland depended for their fuel supply upon the generosity and willingness of Germany. The Berlin Government used the threat of a coalless winter to force Copenhagen, Berne and The Hague into a number of economic agreements which come under the distinct heading of "international blackmail." The tables are now being turned and these experiments of the General Staff may prove as unfortunate as the Brest-Litovsk adventure. La Fontaine wrote fables about the dangers of trying to get too much at one time. The accumulated wrath of a whole series of exasperated small neutrals may prove to be distinctly unpleasant during these days of final settlement.

MEANWHILE the appointment of Mr. J. T. Cremer as Netherlands Minister to the United States is another evidence of that increasing interest which this country and the Netherlands take in the development of commerce between the Dutch East Indies and the United States. Mr. Cremer has twice been Minister of Colonies and is regarded as one of Holland's foremost authorities on the subject of colonial government. No doubt the preliminary agreement which now exists between our Government and the Dutch authorities in regard to East Indian trade will receive further substantial development. In addition, negotiations for a new rationing agreement with Holland have been resumed in London, and now that the German bases of Ostend and Zeebrugge no longer threaten the British Channel, the direct route betwen Rotterdam and New York becomes independent of German interference. Altogether, the relations between this country and the most important of Europe's commercial neutrals seem to be rapidly improving.

THE successful flotation of the fourth Liberty Loan is in some ways the most remarkable financial achievement of a war that has been full of financial marvels. The conditions of the campaign were difficult. In the first place, the amount asked for was staggering, exceeding by more than a billion dollars England's largest offering, that of February, 1917. But while England's loan was placed no less than a year and eight months after the last preceding call for funds, it is only five months since we raised $4,190,000,000 by borrowing from our citizens. Further, we have seen a huge increase in taxes, and we now stand face to face with a new

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measure, whose details we do not yet know, that will call for eight millions of tax revenue during the current fiscal year. The relatively long maturity of the bonds also was a somewhat unattractive feature in the present market. In the midst of the drive came the news of the German peace proposals, which inevitably raised a question in many minds whether so large a loan at this time was really necessary. And to crown all, the ravages of influenza completely disorganized ordinary life in important sections of the country and crippled the machinery set up for the floating of the loan. The gratifying success of the campaign under such circumstances, and especially the large number of individual subscriptions, now estimated at 22,000,000, is evidence of the stern purpose of the country to do whatever may be necessary to enable the Government to carry to a successful conclusion the enormous enterprise in which we are so heavily involved. It is evidence, too, of our extraordinary financial resources, and of the remarkable power of advertising and organization. In some sections of the country the quota was apportioned among the people in proportion to their known means, and in some cases those who failed to meet the requisition were actually fined. No thoughtful American can be happy over all the methods that were employed to make the drive a success, yet he cannot but rejoice in the ability and willingness of the people to meet financial burdens in a cause that they believe to be right.

HOW heavy those burdens are likely to become if the war continues much longer has not yet been realized, we fear, by either the people or their representatives in Washington who are so light-heartedly calling for a march to Berlin, no matter what the cost in blood and treasure. Congress last week passed, almost without discussion, a deficiency bill appropriating $6,345,755,666 for the army. The total of our borrowings since the war began comes to more than $16,000,000,000. Let people soberly consider what these figures mean, and the tone of much current discussion will, we are persuaded, be seriously modified. We do not mean that we shall for a moment slacken in our efforts to secure a just and permanent peace because of the financial sacrifices involved in the attempt. We do mean that it would be a piece of criminal folly to prolong the war a day beyond what is necessary to the attainment of the best possible approximation to that result. Quite aside from planting the seeds of new wars, a prolongation of the war out of revenge or lust of power would mean the placing on our children's backs of financial burdens that would make impossible the realization of those dreams of democracy and welfare that uphold the people to-day. The wealth of the United States, as yet only partly mortgaged to the military god that has consumed the substance of Europe, is our chief material hope for the financial rehabilitation of an impoverished world. Every one of the beggared small countries is to-day stretching out its hands to us, asking our help for the days of restoration. Shall we recklessly cast aside the opportunity to do the work of healing, shall we mortgage beyond redemption our financial capacity to erect the structure of a sound social life at home, and all for the sake of taking a bloody revenge on a people misled and mistaught by their militaristic rulers? It is a serious question for the bitter-enders.

WHILE clouds of red bunting were waving for twenty-two days above marching soldiers and sailors on the Avenue of the Allies in New York, rare bits of color have been drifting down cavernous side streets and into remote sections of the city. Carnivals have been rife. Up and down Fifth Avenue celebrations were officially ordered, but in various streets of Little Italy, Brooklyn, and Harlem, men, women, and children have been getting up block parties. Walking about the streets, one turns a corner and comes suddenly on a block all decorated with flags, confetti, and paper lanterns. Money is raised by a house-to-house canvass —enough for a band for open-air dancing, and for a parade, but primarily for a service flag and for payment of the priest who shall bless the flag before it is hung. For the party draws its solemnity and purpose from the boys of the neighborhood, over there. It is truly democratic; everybody in the block is invited. To be sure, the festival is not always entirely harmonious. Carmine Street says that Jones Street put 85 stars in the flag when it is well known that only 67 from the block are abroad, but Jones Street answers that it has a right to include stars for those who hung around Jones Street all day long, whether they lived somewhere else or not. Despite such annoyances, the custom of block parties is contagious; though they perhaps originated in New York, they will beyond doubt spread rapidly to other towns.

THE New Jersey Senatorial situation has now cleared. It is a straight fight between George M. La Monte and Governor Edge. Our sympathies are entirely with Mr. La Monte. A liberal, a man of highest character, with nothing of the professional politician about him, his election would mean a marked strengthening of the Democratic representation in the Senate. We shall be surprised if the President does not openly support Mr. La Monte before the campaign is much older. In any event, New Jersey has a chance here to uphold the President's hands. The election of Governor Edge—his record as Governor we do not now criticise—would mean the strengthening of the partisan Republican opposition to Mr. Wilson and, perhaps, before long, opposition to the President's efforts to obtain a reasonable peace before the war has wrecked Europe beyond repair. Under these circumstances, no true Democrat in New Jersey should hesitate as to how to cast his ballot.

ANOTHER campaign that will be watched with great interest by those who are interested in progressive politics is going forward in Montana. Congressman Jeannette Rankin, having been jockeyed out of a renomination for the lower house in the Republican primaries, was put up on the National Party ticket as a candidate for the Senate; she has been endorsed by the Non-Partisan League, which is very strong in the State, and with the support of the labor element, which was pleased with Miss Rankin's Congressional record, she is making an unexpectedly strong showing. A recent report from Montana indicates that the campaign is having "magnificent results in uniting labor, farmers, women, and liberals from both Democrats and Republicans." Miss Rankin's supporters believe that if the funds necessary to present her cause to the voters are forthcoming, she can be elected—a result much to be desired, in our judgment. Miss Rankin has shown that she is thoroughly alive to the importance of the great social and industrial issues that are going to press for solution at the end of the war, and she has demonstrated the possession of abundant courage. Labor and taxation problems have been acute in Montana for a long time, and there is an imperative need, both in Helena and in Washington, for political leaders who real-

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ize that labor is not to be kept quiet by mere repression, and that the attempt to maintain the *status quo* in the face of real wrongs can lead only to continuing strife. The *rapprochement* between organized labor and the Non-Partisan League, with its radical programme, and the steady breaking down of old party lines in the Northwest indicate the possibility of a new political crystallization based on real issues instead of meaningless shibboleths. The fate of this or that party is of comparatively little importance. What does matter is that we should have some clean-cut politics, and the whole political situation in the Northwestern section of the country indicates that we may be approaching such a consummation instead of mere struggle for office.

THE California campaign has produced an interesting piece of propaganda on the part of the single taxers in the last number of the *Great Adventure*. They emphasize their startling figures as to the land-holding of private corporations and firms with a map of one county, said to be "a fair sample of the fifty-eight California counties," which shows it to be owned chiefly by four companies. Three interests, it is stated, own more acres on the Pacific coast than there are in the German Empire, while one of the three had about as many men on horseback guarding their fourteen million acres from hunters, squatters, and tramps as there were in the United States cavalry before the present war. Land which, it is declared, could not be bought for $200 an acre, is assessed for $13.90. The State Commission on Land Colonization is quoted as saying: "California has an immense area of fertile and unpeopled land. . . . Comparatively few settlers are coming here and many who came in recent years have left. Costly advertising and still more costly personal solicitations have not served to attract colonists. We have not found a single settler who, bringing with him only limited capital, has been able to pay for his land in the time agreed upon in his contract." The pamphlet goes on to point out that the war, by raising prices all around, automatically increases the value of these undertaxed "private empires," and that every advance of our men on the European fronts makes it harder for any one to get a footing on the land at home.

IN *School Life* for September 19 we note an interesting statement, based on information furnished by Ambassador Page, concerning German instruction in Great Britain. It appears that out of the 1049 secondary schools in England and Wales in receipt of grants from the Board of Education, German is taught in 379. This compares with 387 in 1911-12. All the important public schools, some 65 in number, continue to make provision for instruction in German, and the same thing is true of the six universities and the six constituent colleges of the University of London. Whatever decrease in German teaching has taken place is said to be due largely to the necessities of military service. It is to be hoped that the sober second thought of our own people will soon begin to assert itself in regard to the question of foreign-language teaching. It is not an edifying spectacle to see legislatures in a fit of rage prohibiting instruction in the German language throughout whole States, or Governors and councils of defence forbidding the use of the tongue in gatherings of three or more persons. Whatever reasons existed for teaching German before the war have in general been strengthened by the events of the past four years; we ought not to act like angry children.

AN interesting experiment in popular education begins in Concord, Massachusetts, on Sunday, October 27, with the first of a ten days' series of free popular lectures on the peace conference and its tasks. Each day will have its special subject, and each subject will be presented twice, once before the high school and the older students in the grades, and once in the evening before a large general audience. All the speakers are specialists, expert in eliciting and guiding popular discussion. The aim is to set the community thinking concerning the great questions that we must soon face, and to give it material for sound thought. Public debates will be a part of the programme, and groups for continuation study are being formed. Many persons who believe in democracy's capacity for managing its own affairs when properly instructed are coming to Concord to watch this experiment. Professor H. W. Rolfe, formerly of Stanford University, who is in charge of the work, has already carried to success a similar undertaking in Santa Monica, California. The Concord enterprise is to be followed by a similar experiment in the Connecticut valley, extending over a longer time and covering a wider territory. From Northampton as a centre the work will radiate into certain of the communities containing a large foreign-born population, and into the villages of the farming regions. Here the lectures will be given before adult groups already formed, such as fraternal orders, trade unions, and clubs of various kinds. The entire undertaking has more than ordinary interest and importance inasmuch as we are just at the beginning of the work of adult education. The interest in the problems of the peace makes the present a particularly advantageous time for such an experiment, at the same time that popular feeling over the war renders it peculiarly difficult.

WHILE the English have never been among the leading musical nations, at least from the creative point of view, it may nevertheless be said that the products of their composers, apart from Arthur Sullivan, have not received as much attention as they deserve in this country. Percy Grainger is very popular here, but he was an Australian and is now an American citizen. He thinks that Delius, Cyril Scott, and other English composers are among the leading musical geniuses of the time, and that their day will come. May we hope the same of Parry—Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry—whose death was announced recently? In Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" two columns in fine type are devoted to a mere list of his compositions, many of which are held in high esteem in England; yet one seldom if ever sees his name in American programmes. His books, on the other hand, are well-known and highly esteemed here. No other writer anywhere has given so lucid an account of the evolution of the tonal art, from scales and folk song to modern sonatas and operas, as he has in "The Art of Music." His work on Bach is far superior to that of Germany's Bach specialist, Spitta, nor has anyone else given such admirable summaries of the lives and careers of great musicians as Parry in his "Studies of the Great Composers," of which many editions have been printed. The five volumes of "Grove" and the Oxford "History of Music" owe their excellence largely to his contributions. As director of the Royal College of Music and in other similar positions he exerted a wide and salutary influence on musical education. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of his compositions, he may surely claim the title of England's foremost musical scholar.

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The Right Reply to Germany

In his second note to Germany, dated October 14, the President through Mr. Lansing made four demands upon Germany. They were these: First, that "the process of evacuation and the conditions of an armistice" must be left to the "military advisers" of the United States and the Allies; second, that Germany cease at once to sink passenger ships and to shell life-boats at sea and abandon also her inhuman and barbarous practices on land; third, a demand to know whether the arbitrary power which has heretofore controlled the German nation has been "reduced to virtual impotency" even if it "cannot be presently destroyed"; fourth, it was indispensable also that the United States and the Allied governments "should know beyond a peradventure with whom they are dealing."

To this the German reply of October 20 is, for the Germans, unusually clear-cut and straightforward. It accepts without reservation the demand that the procedure of evacuation "be left to the judgment of the military advisers" on the basis of the actual standard of power of the contending armies—just as President Wilson demanded. Second, Germany abandons completely the "unlimited U-boat warfare" which brought the United States into the war by ordering its U-boats, as rapidly as they can be reached, to cease sinking passenger-vessels; and offers to submit to neutral judgment the charges of illegal acts of its soldiers and sailors. Third, the German Secretary of Foreign Affairs replies that (*a*) the present German Government's first act was to lay before the Reichstag "a bill to alter the Constitution of the Empire so that the consent of the representatives of the people is required for decisions on war and peace"; (*b*) that the responsibility of the Chancellor to the "representation of the people" (the Reichstag) is being legally developed and safeguarded; (*c*) that the leaders of the great parties of the Reichstag are members of the Government; (*d*) that "in the future no Government can take or continue in office without possessing the confidence of the majority of the Reichstag—the permanence of this new system being further guaranteed "by the unshakable determination of the German people whose vast majority stands behind these reforms and demands their energetic continuance." Fourth, Mr. Wilson's question as to whom he is dealing with is "therefore answered in a clear, unequivocal manner" by the statement "that the offer of peace and an armistice has come from a Government which is free from any arbitrary and irresponsible influence."

To the *Nation* this reply seems as complete, as straightforward, and as final as any one who desires to be fair could possibly ask, and the more because of the comparative vagueness of the President's note of October 14. We hear, of course, the familiar chorus of denunciation from both our daily press and our public men. From them we learn that it is an "awkward and clumsy effort" to comply with the President's demands, and, according to the New York *Sun*, while appearing "to be an acceptance of the conditions" it "has aroused a feeling of resentment in Washington." It is the "tone of the note" which is resented, "particularly the denial made by Germany that she is guilty of the crimes alleged;" and the result is a "unanimous demand for unconditional surrender," no matter what England or France or the President may say. The *Times* thinks, *per contra*, that the Germans have confessed to brutal savagery—but "not gracefully or like a penitent." Some of the other descriptive terms applied to the note are "falseness," "colored with deceptions and hypocrisies," "preposterous," "amusing," "mendacious," "gratifying," "cunning," "shrewd," "ingenious," "subtle," "clever," "plausible," "lacking in humor," "impertinent," etc., etc. Yet, despite the *Sun's* dispatch, there are not lacking voices to say that this note meets the situation. Thus Senator Harding, a Republican, declares that if this note tells the truth "it meets all the requirements so far as the creation of a responsible Government is concerned." Senator Overman, a Democrat, says: "As I read the note, it looks as if Germany had surrendered to our terms and was willing to do anything to end the war." But the bulk of the comment is a demand to brush aside all of the President's negotiations and to insist upon an unconditional surrender dictated in Berlin. Senator Poindexter goes so far, by way of supporting our Chief Executive, as to say that the President should be impeached if he even "answers this note and undertakes to agree with Germany on the basis of it before her army is conquered and disarmed."

With Germany standing squarely upon the President's fourteen peace terms, with the cessation of the criminal U-boat warfare upon passenger vessels, with the steady withdrawal of German troops from all the occupied territories, with the evidence given of the reconstruction of the German Government, peace is plainly within our grasp. "It [the note] will mean the end of the war," Senator Overman affirms, "if we want to accept it that way." But if we do not wish it that way after Mr. Wilson's negotiations, after the repeated assurance given to Germany here and abroad that acceptance of the fourteen peace terms would give peace, then the moral advantage of the United States and the Allies will pass away, the war will degenerate into one of revenge, and the German people, conscious of having made truly reasonable replies to the demands of President Wilson, will be fortified to a determined resistance upon their own boundaries. All the lies that German statesmen have told hitherto as to this being a war of defence against aggression will seem to become truths. A very high authority has recently declared that to carry the war to Berlin would mean three more years of fighting and the loss of millions of lives; but even this would be as nothing compared with the breach of faith involved if the Poindexters have their way, if we are to be lured into further terrible sacrifice by the spell of phrases. Have we no mercy to our own? Must we batter our way to Berlin at frightful cost if Berlin comes to us, and upon its knees? If there are still things to be cleared up; fresh proofs of good faith still to be asked; if, for example, we are going to insist upon the abdication of the Kaiser, let us ask it in the clearest of language. But our national honor demands that we do not now disown everything that the President has done, throw him overboard, and fight on whether the Germans conform to fourteen peace terms or forty.

It is a genuine crisis in the life of the Republic, and there is but one ground on which all liberals and democrats can stand. That is by the side of the President, lest he be unable to maintain the position he has taken as leader of the liberal forces of the world. It is true that in his reply to Austria he abandoned one of his fourteen peace terms; it is true that he has been at times vague and inconsistent. Yet the great hope for the ending of the war rests with Mr. Wilson. The hour for peace has come; shall it be allowed to pass unused?

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The Way of Peace

WHILE Senator Lodge and Mr. Roosevelt have been achieving notoriety abroad by their demand for unconditional surrender and war to the bitter end, significant indications of doubt or dissent have been cropping out in unexpected quarters. The New York *World*, which has certainly not been lax in supporting the war, bluntly asks "how many of the Americans who are shouting for 'unconditional surrender' know the meaning of the words they use," and deplores the demand as "thoughtless and irresponsible." Mr. Taft, who stands for unconditional surrender, nevertheless writes in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* that Mr. Wilson's fourteen points are "very general," and declares that it will be "a negotiated peace," and one "depending on the honor of the Hohenzollerns for its maintenance." Professor J. Holland Rose of Cambridge University, one of the most distinguished of English authorities on modern history and international relations, writes in the New York *Times* that "the tide of events has swept on" since the fourteen points were drawn up, and that they do not fully cover the questions to be dealt with; while the Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, comes forward with an offer of $500 "to any reputable international lawyer" who shall give him "in terse and definite form the legal meaning of each of the fourteen points."

What Senator Lodge, Mr. Roosevelt, and the assertive advocates of unconditional surrender are doing is, of course, to urge the adoption of a Junker programme. It is a curious fact that the United States, having gone to war to abolish militarism and the rule of force, and with solemn declaration of its purpose to make the world safe, not for armies, but for democracy, should now be urged by Republican leaders to spurn all offers of peace in advance, overrun Germany with its armies, and dictate the terms of settlement at Berlin. This is Junkerism and militarism of the most approved German sort. However its particular object may be camouflaged by talk about freeing Europe from oppression, its spirit and method are essentially at one with those of the Kaiser and his supporters. With such a programme, discussion is of course quite out of the question; the peace for which the world yearns, the political freedom which Americans have believed was somehow the birthright of all mankind, is to be achieved only by smashing through to Berlin.

It is much to be regretted that Senator Lodge, in outlining the terms of peace which a military victory is to obtain, should not have been more explicit regarding the two main points. It is all well enough to talk about dismembering Austria, or adding to the territory of Italy, or driving the Turk out of Europe, or restoring Alsace-Lorraine. All these are complicated questions, it must be admitted; and they are very much more complicated than they were when the war broke out because of the positions which the Allies and the United States have taken with reference to the Jugo-slavs, the Czecho-Slovaks, and the Poles. But they are not the crucial questions. What does Senator Lodge propose to do with Germany? Assuming that the German armies have been destroyed, the country occupied by an Allied and American force, and the Imperial Government helpless, what next? Is the Kaiser to be deposed, or the Empire destroyed or broken up, or the Reichstag remodelled? If so, how is the thing to be done? If Germany is to be parcelled out among its enemies, how are the shares to be apportioned? If it is to be preserved as a State, precisely how does Senator Lodge propose to reform it?

This is one of the chief points. The other is Russia. "What is the American policy with respect to Russia?" the New York *Globe* asked the other day. "No one seems to know. . . . Our Government seems unable to make up its mind. . . . There is the most painful evidence of lack of stability of view." After a year of revolution, the Administration has not yet taken the public into its confidence. It publishes documents whose authenticity rests under grave doubt. It seizes and segregates the papers of various persons who know Russia from the inside, and interferes with newspapers which champion the cause of the Soviet Government. It continues to recognize Mr. Bakhmetiev as Russian Ambassador, although we suspect that Secretary Lansing would be puzzled to determine what Government Mr. Bakhmetiev represents. In spite of the fact that nobody is at war with Russia, the troops of half a dozen nations are carrying on military operations in Russia and fighting pitched battles with the Soviet troops. One searches in vain in the threatenings and slaughters of the Republican Junkers to find how they propose to deal with this anomalous situation.

If Senator Lodge and Mr. Roosevelt really desire to help the country which they have served in high places these many years, they will take a different tack. They will cease trying to force the Administration to adopt the rôle of a Prussian Junkerdom, and address themselves to a study of the real problems involved in the negotiation of a peace. We do not speak unadvisedly when we say that some of those problems were never graver than they are at this moment. Nothing more than a reading of the English and French newspapers is needed to make clear that England is seething with labor disturbance, and France with political and Socialist agitation. A greater menace to the established order than Prussianism has grown great on the horizon, and that is Bolshevism. Only the other day Lord Milner, the British Secretary of State for War, declared in an interview that an armistice, if it guaranteed the military supremacy of the Allies, ought by all means to be attained if possible, and warned the Allies that an attempt at the present time to dictate drastic changes in the German Constitution would stiffen the resistance of the German armies.

We venture to think that there are three things which Mr. Wilson can do to help the present dangerous situation. The first is to come out with all his might against the Junkers, whatever their party affiliations, who are trying to force his hand. He will find the people with him when the issue is sharply drawn. The second is to ask the Soviet Government to say, clearly and fully, what it wants from the United States and the Allies, and, in particular, what it proposes to do with the Russian debt. The large holdings of Russian securities in France give that country a peculiarly vital interest in the future of Russia, and if the question can be cleared of its present uncertainty and apprehension, a material obstacle to peace will, we believe, have been removed. The third thing is to recognize the gravity of the social situation in every European country, and to take a few steps towards meeting Germany at the peace table before the great war shall have had time to become a war of revolution. Perhaps we shall soon hear that the good offices of Colonel House are being used in furtherance of these ends.

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Military Demobilization

ONE of the wonders of the American Civil War, especially to foreign observers, was the way in which the Union armies, after four years of war, were quietly disbanded and the soldiers returned to civil life. The return to peace conditions was accomplished without disturbance, without serious dislocation of industry, and without any notable increase in the number of the unemployed. The achievement was the more notable because the Federal Government, notwithstanding the great expansion of its powers which had taken place during the war, had exercised no such widespread and exclusive control of the national life as it has exercised during the present war, and had developed no such elaborate administrative machinery as is now available for great national tasks. All that was done was, in substance, to discharge the soldiers and send them home; what became of them afterwards was a matter which the Government left the soldiers to manage largely for themselves.

Nothing quite so simple is to be looked forward to at the close of the present war. The conditions to be met are more varied and complicated than those of 1865. First in importance is the question of transport. The larger part of the American army, aggregating several million men, will be overseas; and to the fighting men are to be added tens of thousands of nurses, Red Cross agents, non-combatant members of the army, and volunteer workers. The demobilization of this great force involves not only an elaborate system of official records, but the transportation back across the ocean from all parts of the world of these millions of men and women, and adequate provision of food, shelter, oversight, and railway transportation in this country. The success with which American soldiers have been sent across the Atlantic at a rate of 250,000 or more a month has properly challenged admiration; but so high a rate of return transit is hardly probable after the peace. For one thing, the homeward movement of troops will coincide with the renewal of foreign trade and of foreign travel; and in the face of the extraordinary demand for tonnage to meet both freight and passenger needs, the transport of the army may have to take second place. Tonnage congestion will also be increased by the fact that British ships, which have carried 60 per cent. of our troops to Europe, will be needed at the same time for British and colonial demobilization.

In any case the process is certain to be a long one. Even if the American army is returned to this country at the rate of 50,000 a week—a figure, we believe, greatly in excess of what it will be possible to attain—the return of 3,000,000 men will extend over fourteen months. To put the case in another way, if peace were declared to-day and demobilization were begun to-morrow, the last of the American army would not have reached the United States until the end of December, 1919. Demobilization, accordingly, involves a provision for employing the troops abroad between the time when hostilities cease and the time when they take ship for home. Perhaps they can be used in the physical restoration of devastated France or wasted Belgium—a graceful international service which may well receive consideration.

The same careful, detailed planning for the soldier's welfare will be required in the period between his landing in this country and his arrival at his home. At what point is membership in the army actually to cease? If discharge is to take effect as soon as the soldiers reach America, then the dumping at the Atlantic and Pacific seaports of thousands of men a week, for more than a year, each man seeking food, lodging, civilian clothing, employment, or railway transportation, would certainly produce indescribable confusion; the soldier would become a social danger. If, on the other hand, the actual disbandment of the army is to be deferred until after the men have returned, it will be necessary not only to maintain the present military camps at their maximum efficiency, but also to begin discharging the men at once in order to prevent the camps from becoming overcrowded. In the meantime, the men who have not been sent abroad, but who remain, to the number of some hundreds of thousands, in the camps at home, will also have to be demobilized as rapidly as possible to make room for the steady stream of arrivals from overseas.

All this merely shows how difficult and important, even on its mechanical or administrative side, is the problem of demobilization. England has already been studying the question for more than a year and a half, and only a few weeks ago actually carried through a rehearsal of the prospective process to learn how it would work. No time should be lost in formulating an equally detailed and comprehensive scheme in this country. Once the war is over, the demand for the speedy return of the army to civil life will be irresistible, and the Government should be ready to meet it. Only in part is it a question for the War Department; the Shipping Board, the Railway Administration, the Red Cross, and a long list of other governmental or quasi-governmental agencies are concerned in it. It would be a disgrace if, after having successfully mobilized an army during the war, we should fail to demobilize it successfully after the peace.

A Revolution in Sailoring

It makes the reader of sea-lore rub his eyes to learn from a recent issue of the *Nautical Gazette* something about the officers' quarters on the new cargo ships which our country is building. Each captain is to have a suite of his own—a fine bed-room, in some cases with a brass bed (!) and a private bathroom with a real porcelain tub. Shades of Marryat! One turns instinctively to his description of the quarters in which midshipmen used to be trained for His Majesty's quarter-decks:

> A small hole they called a berth; it was ten feet long by six and about five feet four inches high; a small aperture about nine inches square admitted a very scanty portion of what we most needed, namely, fresh air and daylight. . . . Most of my new associates were absent on duty; the 'tween decks was crammed with casks and cases and chests and bags and hammocks; the noise of the calkers was resumed over my head and all around me; the stench of bilge water, combining with the smoke of tobacco, the effluvia of gin and beer, the frying of beafsteaks and onions and red herrings—the pressure of a dark atmosphere and a heavy shower of rain, all conspired to oppress my spirits and render me the most miserable dog that ever lived.

Not even the captain's room of a frigate on which the youngest officers lived in such kennels could compare with the state-rooms which the junior officers are to have on our new ships. Thus, the first mate will have a room twelve feet square with a private bath instead of "bunking in" with the second mate in a cabin six feet by five. Each mate and each engineer is to have a state-room of his own, and the officers have a bright and cheerful dining saloon "finished in oak or some other hard wood, varnished, hav-

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ing a sideboard, leather-upholstered chairs, and lockers."

In the lot of the common seaman, too, a wonderful transformation is to take place. The foc'sle of a lime-juicer in the old days differed little from the Black Hole of Calcutta. In bad weather it was an indescribable place in which men lived, ate, slept, and sometimes died. Wet clothes were the rule; the exhausted watches tumbled into their bunks for four or eight hours' sleep—if they did not have to wear ship. Bathing was unknown; fresh air impossible; everything damp, soggy, foul, and reeking, and the men glad enough if they could get a hot meal once in twenty-four hours. Dana described it at its best in his "Two Years Before the Mast":

> The steerage in which I lived was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk and ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon. The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling heavily, and everything was pitched about in grand confusion. . . . A large hawser had been coiled away upon my chest; my hats, boots, mattress and blankets had all fetched away and gone over to leeward, and were jammed and broken under the boxes and coils of rigging. To crown all, we were allowed no light to find anything with. . . .

It is amazing that men have been found to go to sea at all, for conditions on the tramp steamers that succeeded the little brig which did so much of the world's work in Dana's day have been little better than those on sailing vessels. The Shipping Board is doing the right thing in abolishing the forecastle and in providing a separate mess room, state-rooms holding four men each, adequate toilets and shower-baths, with steel lockers, electric light, and most wonderful of all, the same food for men as for officers. Our men ought to live like human beings and not like animals. If the provision of these "luxuries" means that we shall not be able to compete with foreign ships, then let us not compete. Andrew Furuseth and other leaders are right; there must be a new day for the sailor, and his heroism in this war shows that he is worthy of it.

Literature may perhaps lose by the change, for picturesqueness and dramatic quality will go. A future Jack London writing of a future sea-rover will have to pen something like this: "The burly Norse captain never seemed more gigantic nor more terribly brutal as he fell upon his prey and dragged him by the hair of his head from the sailor's shower-room where he was in the act of giving himself a facial massage with an electric vibrator. Yanking him through the sailors' mess room, he overturned in his wrath the victrola, the magazine table, and the bookcase." There will be no chance for another Dana, just as no modern Marryat can possibly put romance into one of our modern cruisers, unless he writes of an ocean raider like the "Emden" in order to chronicle adventure extraordinary. But whatever literature loses, the sea gains. It is no joking matter, for the most difficult problem of our future sea power, when the war ends and finds us with the largest modern mercantile fleet on our hands, will be the question of how to man it. The United States competed successfully with all the world when clippers were costly ships and the crews the highest paid of their time. We believe that it can compete successfully again, and that one of the best ways of competing will be to give to our seamen, not luxuries, but the necessary comforts and decencies of life which workers everywhere are learning to expect, whether on sea or land.

Wrappage

WE received the other day a packet of books that had escaped the submarine. It was heavily protected by many layers of printed sheets. Opening such a packet is no ordinary matter: war-marks and cabalistic numerals of various sorts must be gravely studied, the amount of insurance and postage calculated, the album value of stamps guessed at for the young, and the twine carefully unknotted for the string-basket. Only then may the coverings be removed from the precious books, with their salty, tarry smell that lingers between the leaves long after the volumes have ceased to be a novelty upon the shelves.

That smell carries us back to undergraduate days, when we were fond of prowling about the docks and the gloomy, uneven, and threatening warehouses of the water-front. From open spaces and narrow sidewalks, up through gratings of silent buildings, came the same odor that we now get only in our most treasured books. Grain elevators, coal-yards, and lumber-piles were uninteresting, for their contents savored of the interior of the country; but tar, rope, great chains and hawsers, anchors, and capstans were made for the sea. The by-streets where sailors loafed, and where brass and copper instruments for navigation haunted our fancy, are now covered by great blocks of concrete and odorless buildings; but even modern commerce has not removed the smell of "naval stores" from the heart of a ship, and so our books come filled with the pervasive odor that only in these rare cases comes to enrich the lives of those who do not go down to the sea in ships.

The wrappage is off, but it is not lightly discarded. For here, instead of discordant sheets of waste paper, are folds of page-proof of a book, just as they came off the press—an octavo, evidently printed before the war, in luxuriously large type, and with footnotes only less inviting than the text. What futility to write a book, and then to correct galley and page-proof, merely to produce wrappage for books printed three and four hundred years ago! We read the sheets to see what manner of book has thus apparently been still-born. Our guess was right; the book was about theology. It did not even deal with historical facts or the documents from which theology has grown; it was made up of the writer's opinions about opinions. He had wound his notions into some sort of metaphysical system, spirally mounting into a limbo of unreality unto which no one but he could or would attain.

Pedantry makes good wrappage. Better protect our treasures with it than drop it into an old stump for slugs and newts to devour, or, with the poet, to let it "dry-rot till the judgment-day." How much pedantry, we wonder, has gone to the bottom of the sea since the war began; not as wrappage, but as books that would have been sold for profit to encumber valued shelf-space in colleges and universities? Leipzig book manufactories were the largest in the world; Germany has given us not only a thing that was not wholly without use, but also the picturesque name for it—*abfahrendes Beispiel*, an example of how not to do it. Many a man has determined to be simple and clear at all hazards after having mastered a monument of German pedantry and obfuscation. With all that we have learned from Germany, we have still to appraise its intellectual wrappage, its tons of page-proof, corrected, bound, and delivered, serving at best as some protection to unsuspected treasures within.

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The Orchards of Ultima Thule

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

I

THIS northland of ours has an ill name for bleakness and cold, not altogether undeserved. The traveller, who sees only the frowning coast, would never believe that the province hides within its breast the secret of the Happy Valley. In truth, it contains many valleys of unbelievable beauty, but the Happy Valley is the queen of them all.

Two long ramparts of rock close it in and fence it from the bitter north, the blighting east, and the chill drifting sea-fogs. From North Mountain to South Mountain it measures some fifteen miles across at its widest; and from end to end it is some eighty miles long. Sheltered from the cold winds, the rich alluvial soil of the Valley lies open to all the fructifying influences of the seasonable suns. It is marvellously productive. Flowers and fruits of lower latitudes flourish here; acacias and cherry trees which elsewhere are little more than tall shrubs tower here into arboreal giants mighty in girth and limb. All along the Valley white roses bloom beside every farmhouse door.

"Ours is a great, wide country," offering prospects which contradict vulgar mensuration. On the forest-clad crest of North Mountain there is a clearing, a Pisgah height, whence a great stretch of the Valley may be seen at a glance. You may roam the world over and never find its mate. Spread below the traveller's feet is a smiling land, a land literally of milk and honey. It is a northern Punjab, a country of five rivers all running one way, side by side, among the low waves of the land. Each has its own musical name, and three of the five are French. They disembogue into a huge tidal basin at the traveller's left hand. Where the shores and banks are visible, they are of red earth, as are the long ribbons of road which wind across the landscape, up hill and down dale. Elms and alders and willows trace the meanders of the water-courses. Here and there are little compact hamlets, each with its white spire. The substantial farmhouses with their huge barns are thickly sprinkled amid the well-cultivated fields and bosoming orchards. It is a soft, domesticated country, richly green even in hot summer, for rain is plentiful, owing to the nearness of the sea. There are no harsh features, no piled rocks, no jagged outcrops. The stony skeleton of the land is well hidden. Even the slopes and summits of the two parallel "mountains" are padded with forest. The lines are long and horizontal. The main roads, here called "streets," run lengthwise the Valley. But it is the orchards which give the land its character.

These tamed forests of fruit-bearing trees clothe the gentle slopes of the rolling country in every direction. There are old orchards, with sturdy if writhen limbs; there are stripling orchards which have not come to their full stature; and there are baby orchards of newly planted saplings, which make cobwebby patterns of crossing lines in the distance. In all the charm is their formality. They are drilled armies of trees keeping their ranks with military precision, because it was so ordained. They have the impressive regularity of massed battalions, and represent man's success in obeying heaven's first law—which is order. They smother the farmhouses, leaving only the roofs and chimneys visible; they crowd up to the streets of the little towns. They are inescapable. For the rest, the landscape is a chess-board of rectangular fenceless fields, red from the plough or green with the growing crop. Here and there are patches of woodland which husbandry has not yet attacked.

If the traveller descends from his coign of vantage on Pisgah and comes to learn the Valley farm by farm, he will find them so many object-lessons in careful cultivation. This fruit-farming is of a rare cleanliness. No sign remains of the early pruning. The ground between the rows of trees is ploughed and planted. Insect pests are fought with scientific methods. Nowhere about the big farmhouses and bigger barns would the traveller find waste or litter. No cattle run at large on the "streets." It is a tidy land.

In the spring the whole Valley turns into one billowing, white nosegay. With the warm suns and the soft rains the leaves push forth in little gray-green puffs along the rough bare branches; and then before they have attained their growth the blossoms follow and smother the green. In the distance, orchards in bloom seem powdered with white. The single tree viewed close at hand is a dazzling mass of snowy petals. "White is my love as the apple-blossom," sang the Welsh bard centuries ago. The purity of the color suggests the coolness of an unpolluted spring, the seld-seen white of a young virgin breast. Sometimes it is rosed faintly with pink, a delicious intensifying of both colors. A few orchards show pink rather than white. All diffuse a clear, elusive perfume. The Valley in the spring, "a hundred miles of apple-blossom," as one lover called it, is an unalloyed delight. The recrudescence of Nature worship in a Puritan community might be seen in the local institution of "Blossom Sunday." When the orchards are at their whitest, the city people pilgrim to the Valley to feast their eyes. Even though it is largely an affair of the railroad and the hotel-keepers, the rise of the festival testifies to the drawing power of natural beauty.

This latest spring was sheer magic. A fortnight in May made credible all that the poets have sung about the mother of months. Day of beauty followed day of beauty with unfailing regularity. Little rain fell, but still enough to keep the whole countryside in the first fresh flush of green. When the sun was low in the morning and evening, the level rays shot the grass with emerald flame. Warm friendly airs drifted little white clouds across the infinite blue. All the malice of the long, hard winter had been expended; and now the wayward climate made divine amends for its former cruelty. The kindly time seemed to be Nature's denial of death, repeating the promise that every winter would change to spring. There was something mystical, portentous in such lavish pouring forth of loveliness. It was as if some gracious Influence at the heart of things were holding out its arms wistfully and wooing humanity to its bosom. Some infinite yearning whisper seemed always on the point of making itself heard, had one only the ears to hear. If some divine face had shaped itself in mid-heaven, or if Demeter herself had appeared beneath the orchard boughs, the wonder could hardly have been greater. All along the Valley, the sweet, snowy apple blossoms broke forth before their time, like a light within a light. The bees soon found

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them out, and began to lay in stores of the light-hued delicate honey for which the region is famous. Then came the deflowering winds and scattered the petals like snowflakes on the grass at the foot of every tree. The first glory of the Valley had passed for a year.

The growth of the apple in its green bower is not a matter of observation. Summer passes while the fruit swells and shapes undistinguished in color from the green leaves which shelter it. Autumn shows the perfect ruddy-gold globes, ripe, glistening, luscious, weighing the laden branches to the ground. Half a million new barrels with white, clean-smelling staves will be needed to contain the crop. Through September the pickers are busy with ladder and basket; and the buyers—the Elizabethan "engrossers"—travel from orchard to orchard offering so much per barrel on the tree. What is intended for the foreign market is conveyed to special storehouses, where it can be kept unimpaired for months. Here the apples are carefully picked over and graded. The temperature is regulated so that they will neither rot nor freeze. The prices on the London market are carefully watched, and when they reach the right figure, the sluices of the storehouses are opened and streams of apples are released to flow by rail and steamer across the sea. Sometimes the freighter meets the submarine, and the good apples of Ultima Thule strow leagues of ocean to the profit of no one.

II

Rarely has the artistry of Nature combined with man's handiwork in happier measure than in this orchard country. Nature supplied plan, outline, background; man attended to the laborious details. The South Mountain was the original coast; some convulsion of earth's crust heaved up the long hill called North Mountain from the ocean bed, thus pushing out a second coast line. Fed by their springs the five rivers moulded the land between these two sheltering walls; and for countless ages, the restless tides sculptured the crumbling shores. Unfruiting forest covered the face of the land. After empty centuries the white man found the Valley out. He cleared away the forest, he built him houses which clustered into little towns; he planted fruit trees; he ploughed and sowed and reaped the harvest; he fought the inroads of the tides. By the labor of his hands, in the sweat of his face, Man the Tireless altered the whole aspect of the wild, beautiful land, until it has become what the gazer sees from his Pisgah, a choice place of human habitation, where poverty seems to be abolished and modest prosperity has fixed her abode.

Nor does the Happy Valley lack the supreme charm. History has left its indelible impress on the scene. This great, sheltered garden is illumined by the Lamp of Memory. For this is part of the lost French province of Acadie, the scene of the forgotten national tragedy, which the genius of the New England poet has made classic ground. On yonder bare field stood the village of Grand Pré, a spot which draws pilgrims every year for Evangeline's sweet sake. The site is a desolation. There is the spring from which the village drank. At one side stand a few exotic willows. A rude cross of cemented stones has been erected by modern piety as a memorial of things done long ago and ill done. Grand Pré stood on the low land to which the Acadians clung; behind is the hilly ground, beyond the desolation of the marsh lands.

The French made two contributions to the beauty of the land, the willow and the dyke. The willow is not indigenous to Ultima Thule. It was brought in by the *habitants*, who settled beside these water-courses in the seventeenth century. A priestly historian, Père Dagneau, has taken this tree as the emblem of the Acadian race. It loves the water and grows best beside the streams. It is persistent and hardy; if lopped and polled, it sends up fresh shoots in great abundance. Though not native to this land, it is now firmly rooted in it, and is not to be moved out of its place. The symbolism is complete.

The second monument to the vanished *habitant* is the dyke, or *aboiteau*. Following the river channels and holding back the tides are long, low green ramparts like some strange system of fortifications. There is only one way to build a dyke, of brush and earth, as the engineers of railway bridges in the Valley have found to their cost. No other barrier will resist the unwearied siege of the tide, the onset of the flood, the drag of the ebb. The advantage of the dyke is plain. In place of profitless drowned lands, the community gains large tracts of richest crop soil. The *habitants* from the region of Rochelle brought this device with them; the keen New Englanders who replaced them bettered their instruction and reclaimed still larger areas by bolder methods. There they lie redeemed from the sea, the huge levels of the marsh lands, which complement the smiling orchard country with the eternal note of sadness. They are featureless and houseless like the sea; they have the monotony and the melancholy of the sea. Like the sea, they are continually swept by the wind; even in the hottest days of the summer, there is always a breeze across the dykes.

Longfellow never saw the land he made so famous, though he talked of it with an Ultima Thulian attending Harvard. As a consequence, he laid emphasis on the wrong things, such as the forest primeval with which the *habitant* meddled very little. If, instead of the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, he had put the desolation of the level, windswept marshland into his hexameters, he would have attained to greater truth and deeper pathos. It is in truth a land fit to inspire poets, for beauty haunts it, and the sense of tears.

It has inspired three others. That they are "minor," and two, at least, little known, is nothing against the argument. The inspiration may be sincere, even if the resultant verse be little worth. A poet is often "minor" because his reach exceeds his grasp.

F. J. Herbin has written the best handbook on Grand Pré. He is of Acadian descent, with a keen historic sense. It is through his zeal that the stone cross was reared on the site of the vanished Acadian hamlet. His "Marshlands," while open to criticism on the score of technique, has the great merit of transcribing faithfully from the local scene and the local life. "Low Tide on Grand Pré" was Bliss Carman's first volume of verse, and, in my humble judgment, his best. It revealed an authentic singing gift and rare powers of suggestion. It does not touch the historic; but it is pervaded by the nameless, indefinable yearning striving for utterance, which is the genius of the place.

> Was it a year, or lives ago
> We took the grasses in our hands,
> And caught the autumn flying low?

is a characteristic expression of the poet's dominant mood. The third is Bernard Trotter. He was brought up amid these scenes and felt their compelling charm. His father was president of Acadia and he himself was destined to

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the scholar's life. But the war broke out; the clear call came to him; he went to France, and he was killed last year. Like McCrae, he left his country a slender legacy of verse. "A Canadian Twilight" has not the classic perfection of the deep-hearted lyric, "In Flanders Fields"; but last year it was quoted and copied everywhere because it embodies the feelings of our generous youth and the brave, sad tale of the Canadians in the gap before Ypres with the gray-coat enemy coming in like a flood during the last days of April, 1915. "They jeoparded their lives to the death in the high places of the field." Trotter had his wish. He served the Good Cause, and he fell asleep on the bed of honor in that service. "Nothing is here for tears."

Thus the Happy Valley has not lacked its sacred poets. "Beauty is still immortal in our eyes." The influences which went to form these three singers have lost none of their potency. They will inspire poets to come. Moreover, the songs of these three will enter subtly into the loveliness they celebrate, and will enhance its all-compelling, never-failing charm.

Whitman Versus Smith

By WALTER B. HAYWARD

CHARLES S. WHITMAN, Republican Governor of New York, who seeks reëlection for a third term, and his Democratic opponent, Alfred E. Smith, President of New York's Board of Aldermen, are conducting a canvass marked by features which are disconcerting to the professional politician. Both men are skilful political generals, well known throughout the State. Both are supported by highly organized machines, each of which seeks to attract and capture a new and uncertain element in the electorate—the woman voter. Under ordinary conditions the stage would be set for a keen and spirited contest. But the conditions are abnormal in a political sense. The war has distracted the voter. It is difficult to fix the attention of those who have registered and will cast their ballots on November 5, for in many cases the hearts of the voters, men and women alike, are with their sons overseas. Moreover, a political truce, mutually enforced during the Liberty Loan campaign, has had the effect of shortening the period of the State canvass by three weeks, and now the Spanish influenza bids fair to reduce the size of audiences gathered to hear the candidates and their supporters. Apparently, only a comparatively small percentage of the voters will be reached through the medium of political oratory, and if some of the prophets are correct the personalities of the major candidates, rather than the issues at stake, will determine the result on Election Day.

What, then, are the qualifications of Whitman and Smith, and how do they compare? What are the issues they deem most important? Mr. Whitman stands on the record of his administration, and on his personal record. Compared with the record of preceding Democratic State administrations, notably those of Dix and Sulzer, Governor Whitman's two terms of office have been remarkably free from political scandal, and he contends that Mr. Smith's close affiliation with Tammany Hall will surely bring the State under the domination of that body should his opponent be elected. "The voter," to use the Governor's own words, "who casts his ballot for a Tammany candidate in the hope that as Governor that candidate may be independent of Tammany Hall is merely courting a repetition of the scandalous turmoil which marked the removal of Sulzer when he dared to rebel against his Tammany sponsors." This is undeniably a strong political card to play, even though it is cast upon the table by a man who once accepted a Tammany endorsement for District Attorney of New York County.

But Mr. Whitman has another issue which he believes to be much stronger, and it is undoubtedly the one which appeals to him most. This is his work as a war Governor. He and his friends say that no Republican Governor has given more substantial support to President Wilson and the Democratic administration. The Governor points to the State Council of Defence, to the Food Commission, to the military census and inventory of the State, to the organization of the State Guard after the National Guard had been drawn into the Federal service, and to the inauguration of a system of military, physical, and vocational training for school boys, as achievements designed to strengthen the hands of the Federal Government. There is, to be sure, much to commend in the Governor's war record, although there is no doubt that military training for boys has met with much opposition from parents and teachers, and has not produced the results so rosily pictured in the Whitman White Book. The Governor asserts that he does not seek support under the plea of patriotism, for "no political party has any monopoly of patriotism." His supporters, however, are less modest; as practical politicians they can use this issue for all it is worth without offending the sensibilities of the voter, provided the lessons of the last mayoralty campaign in New York are remembered.

In his appeal for votes Mr. Whitman can say with truth that his judicial appointees have been men of integrity and legal ability, and that he has put able men at the head of some of the administrative offices. At the same time it can be justly charged that political expediency has governed many of his appointments to conspicuous posts, and that his administration as a whole has not been characterized by constructive measures. Here is the vulnerable front of Whitman. His opponents, and not a few voters who have supported him in the past, are convinced that he is much more interested in the building of political fences than he is in the affairs of the State government. He is regarded as a man consumed with political ambition—one who is willing to use his high office as a stepping stone towards the Presidency. The natural sequence of excessive political aspirations is the tendency to make the same promises to many people, and thus to arouse suspicion regarding the stability and sincerity of the man who makes the promises. This is not to convey the impression that Governor Whitman is unstable or insincere in his political dealings; it is merely to suggest that no Governor can serve both the political gods and the people he represents without having his motives questioned time and again.

Mr. Smith has not been slow to use Mr. Whitman's political ambitions as an offset to the charge of Tammany control. It is generally believed that the State's farmers are thor-

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oughly dissatisfied with the Whitman Council of Farms and Markets on the ground that it has accomplished nothing for the benefit of either producer or consumer, and that it is primarily a political organism, although heralded as a medium for the reduction of the cost of living. In this department is embodied the Division of Agriculture, and, according to the Democratic candidate, it has been defeated in all its purposes by appointments made for political reasons. "The department is next to useless," he says, "unless presided over by practical and experienced men. There has been too much investigation and an absolute lack of coöperation." In the city of New York this issue is not vital; upstate it may be a means of turning many votes away from Whitman. Mr. Smith is again on sure ground when he says that the Barge Canal is not completed and therefore is of little value as an artery of transportation. Last winter Governor Whitman was urged to encourage the building of modern barges for use on the new waterway, which his administration promised to have completed early this year. The Governor did nothing, and in the spring the canal was turned over to the Federal Government for the transportation of war supplies. It has carried a comparatively small amount of traffic.

The Democratic candidate charges the Whitman régime with reckless extravagance and waste in the appropriation of public money; Mr. Whitman defends himself by saying that the budget increases of 1915 and 1916 were due largely to the necessity of making up the deficiencies of the Glynn administration, while the appropriations of the legislatures of 1917 and 1918 reflect the full effect of war conditions. Democratic criticism of Republican extravagance is a familiar feature of every State campaign, but coming from Mr. Smith it carries unusual weight, for he, above all other men in the public life of New York, is considered best qualified to discuss State finances with an intelligence born of close study, covering a long period. "While it is true," he said in his speech of acceptance at Syracuse on September 26,

> that the cost of government has increased with the cost of all other things at a time like this, there is, however, food for reflection in the statement contained in the Democratic platform adopted at Saratoga, which, up to this time, has not been challenged, that of the difference between forty-eight million in the last Democratic year, and eighty-one million this year, only three millions is for war purposes, and while the State has embarked on no new enterprise in government, the payrolls and expenses have increased out of proportion to its activities.

This is a campaign without great moral issues, unless it be Prohibition, which is hardly an issue, or rather, it is an issue which is attracting little attention. Mr. Whitman is the candidate of the Prohibition party, and he can expect to receive its votes as well as the ballots of many men and women in the local-option districts, for he was instrumental in having the Local-Option Law passed at the 1917 session of the legislature. His general attitude on this question will probably help him with the women voters in districts which have not yet adopted local option, and also in the cities. Mr. Smith, while not opposed to prohibition, would permit the voters of the State to pass judgment upon the question, inasmuch as it deals with the daily life and habits of a great number of people. "If a majority of the people approve it by their votes," he says, "I shall give its passage more sincere aid than the present Governor did at the last legislative session."

One of the most noteworthy features of Mr. Smith's candidacy is the support he has received from men who have independent political opinions and are opposed to the Tammany idea of government. Two Cabinet officers, Robert Lansing and William G. McAdoo, have commended him to the voters, while men like Thomas Mott Osborne, Frederic R. Coudert, John Godfrey Saxe, Samuel Seabury, Charles E. Treman, Seymour Van Santvoord, and Abram I. Elkus are advocating his election for the reason that they believe Mr. Smith to be highly fitted for the office of Governor. There has never been the slightest doubt of Al Smith's—he is "Al" to all his friends—ability and broad knowledge of State affairs. A product of New York's East Side, where he still maintains his residence, he has won his way upward through sheer merit, for his educational advantages in early youth were few. His training in the Assembly has covered a period of eleven years, in the course of which he served one term as Speaker, one term as majority leader, and three terms as minority leader. Such an experience falls to the lot of few men; in Al Smith's case it has not been wasted, for he has made it his business to understand the State's problems, and his firm grasp of these problems excited the admiration of Elihu Root when Mr. Smith took part in the Constitutional Convention in 1915.

"I understand the people of this State as I understand the State itself," he said in his speech of acceptance. "I gained my knowledge by working night and day all during my legislative career." There is no egotism in this. Mr. Smith belongs to the people and he has worked hard. He has also worked for the interests of the wage-earning women and children of the State, and he has been of material assistance to the advocates of social and labor legislation. He now holds that it is time to extend the benefits of the labor laws to women who, by reason of the exigencies of war, are engaged in new occupations.

Prison reform is another subject which engages his attention, and here he has an indictment against Governor Whitman. "The man power of our jails and prisons is still for the most part maintained in idleness and at the same time kept under an iron discipline which degrades and destroys its manhood," he says. "The present State administration started out with fair promise of bettering those conditions, but the promise was soon broken and the Prison Department at Albany was put under a reactionary political control."

Al Smith is undoubtedly a strong candidate. He is broad-minded, efficient, and blessed with commonsense, which means also that he has a cool head. He has many friends, and not all belong to the Democratic party. He has done much constructive work for the State, and his personal record is clean. But he has to carry the Tammany tiger on his shoulders—the same old tiger that gave the lamentable Hylan to New York and that was repudiated by the voters of the State when Whitman beat Glynn, who followed after Sulzer. People have suggested to Al Smith that he throw over Tammany, or at least declare himself independent of its control. He cannot do that. It is not in his nature to trample on long-standing friendships and to break with the organization which has upon numerous occasions given him the opportunity to serve his constituents faithfully. Mr. Smith declares that he has never permitted partisanship to swerve him from absolute loyalty to the people, and that he will be subservient to no faction if elected to the office of Governor. These are fair words, and behind them is a man whose actions in the past have not belied his words. They are to be taken at their face value.

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Newark and the War Labor Board

By RUTH PICKERING

THE National War Labor Board was formally created by the President on April 8 of this year, to settle by mediation and conciliation controversies arising between employers and workers in war industries. In case of an industrial dispute, a local committee or board is first appointed to arbitrate it; failing settlement by the local board, parties to the controversy are summoned before the National Board itself; if the Board members are then unable to agree upon a decision, an umpire is appointed, either unanimously by the board, or, if the members disagree, then by lot from a list of ten persons nominated for the purpose by the President of the United States. Beyond the decision of this umpire no compulsion is incorporated in the original statement of the Board's powers. The President has, however, commandeered factories of recalcitrant employers, and threatened with exclusion from industry and withdrawal of immunity from the draft striking employees who refuse to return to work after the governmental award. The power of the President and the pressure of public opinion in favor of uninterrupted production make this national experiment in arbitration practically compulsory.

The Board bases its decisions on the following principles: Workers and employers have the right to organize and to bargain collectively through chosen representatives. Employers are not to discharge workers for membership in trade unions. Workers may not use coercive measures of any kind to induce persons to join their organization. Where the union shop now exists it shall continue to do so, and in establishments where unionists and non-unionists work together and the employer meets only with employees or representatives engaged in his own establishment, the continuance of such conditions shall not be deemed a grievance. This declaration, however, is not intended in any manner to deny the right or discourage the attempt to form labor unions. Safeguards to health shall not be relaxed. Equal pay is allowed for equal work. The basic eight-hour day is recognized as applying in all cases in which the existing law requires it. The right of all workers, including common laborers, to a living wage is declared.

Though the primary purpose of the Board is the avoidance of industrial unrest, yet since the declaration of its policies there have been continuous disturbances, especially among the machinists in the ammunition-producing centers. The Bridgeport situation is well known. Recently, a similar and very serious controversy has arisen in Newark and northern New Jersey. The employers in both cities assert that the reason for such frequent disturbance is the Board's leniency toward labor—an attitude which, they say, puts a premium upon strikes. The Board's policies are undeniably far more liberal than those hitherto employed by the ammunition makers in dealing with their employees, and it is inevitable that the workers should seek an ally at once so powerful and so friendly. The machinists, generally speaking, have had a nine- or ten-hour day, while the Board's awards have been, in every possible case, favorable to the basic eight-hour day. The Government has also approved high wages, although it does not accord the flat rate minimum which the machinist so much desires.

The Government's recommendation of some form of collective bargaining, however, is the one to which the employer most strongly objects. Yet the policies of the Board admit of two varieties of collective bargaining, one of which, the "company brotherhood," a local shop organization without affiliations, is an effective weapon against trade unionism. In Colorado, in the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York, in Bethlehem, and at Midvale this form of collective bargaining has thus far effectively quieted trade-union activity. Nevertheless, by granting under compulsion these three things to labor—the short day, the high wage, and some form of collective bargaining—the employer has done more than he would have done if left alone with his employees, and he often bitterly resents the governmental agencies which force such policies upon him.

The punitive powers of the Board also seem to him unduly drastic. The American manufacturer is suspicious of collectivism in any form. Personal initiative and efficiency have made his business what it is. The National War Labor Board to-day comes in, having been asked by his employees, or worse than that, by the "paid organizer," to intervene in their favor. The arbitrator virtually says, "Suffer collective bargaining in your shop, or turn over your factory to be managed by the Government." Sometimes, opposed as he is to the trade union, and believing that government control can be only a temporary arrangement, rather than compromise with his employees, he accepts government control, as did first the Western Union Telegraph Company and more recently the Smith Wesson Company in Springfield. Oftener, however, he patches up the controversy with the workers as the National War Labor Board requests. He is fearful of public approbation of government ownership, seeing in it the danger of a permanent policy.

Though the manufacturer may thus believe the situation wholly favorable to the trade unions, the organized labor movement itself is not so sanguine. This period of increased production has not been altogether advantageous to the machinist. To a great extent his craft is disappearing. Mass production and consequent repetitive tasks are diluting the trade. The influx of unskilled workers is a disintegrating factor. They respond slowly to organization; many of them are women. The letter of the Bridgeport strikers to the President complained also of "the constant menace of shifting piece rates, shifting day rates, shifting classifications, to jockey men out of book-keeping raises in pay." Perhaps, as is so emphatically pointed out by the employers, trade unionism is temporarily accelerated by the attitude of government mediators, but only up to a certain point; for the War Labor Board has taken the organizer's propaganda out of his mouth. Why need the unorganized pay union dues, when a liberal government vigilantly guards their interests?

All these tendencies, good or bad, are exemplified with especial clearness in Newark at the present time. The War Labor Board has not yet handed down its award in the controversy, but the forces on each side are gathering to influence its decision. Newark is the center of new war industries, necessitating enlarged factories and importation of labor. The district has always been open shop, and this

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prerogative has been jealously guarded by the manufacturers. Two years ago the International Association of Machinists saw fertile field for effort here among 50,000 workers. Opposed to this organization stands the Manufacturers' Association of Northern New Jersey, affiliated with the National Metal Trades Association. This association represents about 360 shops, of which perhaps 125 are now important producers. In May of this year the two groups came into conflict.

The International Machinists at that time inserted advertisements in the daily press, urging upon the workers the desirability of organization. In so doing they called attention to the policies of the War Labor Board, particularly the eight-hour day, and the right of employees to organize. At once the employers drew more closely together, foreseeing an approaching storm. They sent copies of the advertisements to the War Department, insisting that such calls to organize were unpatriotic and that they were bound to cause labor difficulties and possible cessation of production. They asked the Government to insert a counter statement in the press denouncing the propaganda, but their request was not acted on. In the meantime, the employers declare, the membership of the union increased from 600 to 3500 members, and there was "close collusion between the organized machinists and the government labor department."

On June 7, formal written demands were sent by the machinists to the employers. They included a minimum of 85 cents an hour for toolmakers and 50 cents an hour for machine helpers; the eight-hour basic day; time and a half for overtime up to four hours; double time after four hours and on Sundays and legal holidays.. The letter said that the union wished "to bring about coöperation with the employers in the machine-building industry, and pull together, which, especially at this time, is so necessary."

To this communication the employers made no reply. To make an answer would have been, in their view, a recognition of the union's right to bargain with them. On Wednesday, July 17, a strike was called. The machinists say that 12,000 were out; the employers say 5,500. The strike was certainly large enough to alarm the Government—and this, according to the employers, is precisely what the strikers aimed to do.

Major B. H. Gitchell, Chief of the Industrial Relations Division of the War Department, came to Newark as arbitrator and the strikers returned to work under the old conditions, pending a settlement by him. He met almost immediately with a group of twelve manufacturers. They argued that since the Government had failed to act with regard to the advertisements earlier in May, intervention at the present time only aggravated the situation. No difficulties had arisen, they asserted, with which they could not deal far more adequately than the Government. They repeated that the labor movement had done its best to retard production throughout the State; that government intervention aided and abetted labor in its traitorous efforts to cripple war industry. At the end of two weeks, after other conferences with both sides, the award was handed down. The employers accepted it, but the union, after some temporizing, rejected it. The first clause dealt with the delicate question of collective bargaining. It arranged for a committee of three in each shop; one, the chairman, a member of the War and Navy Department; one an officer of the company affected; and one a representative of the workers in the shop. This last member was to be chosen by secret ballot among the employees of the factory, the candidate to be one employed by the company for a year. The second clause provided that wages, to be adjusted in each shop by a committee of this character, should be based on those now paid at the Frankfort arsenal and the Brooklyn and Philadelphia navy yards. New classifications and hourly rates were to be determined if necessary. The third clause provided time and a half for overtime; the remaining clauses were technical.

The chief objection of the International Association of Machinists to this award was in its provisions concerning collective bargaining. According to the union, active trade unionists are so blacklisted and harassed by employers that they seldom remain a year in a shop. Moreover, the eight-hour day was not mentioned; nor equal pay for equal work. The machinists also had asked for the flat minimum wage, whereas minute classification prevails at the Frankfort arsenal and the navy yards.

The machinists have now appealed their case to the War Labor Board and to-day they are at work awaiting their turn on the crowded calendar of the Board. A hearing had been promised for October 21; it has now been indefinitely postponed. In the meantime, the employers are rallying their forces in preparation for a difficult fight. They fear that the eight-hour day and a more decided form of collective bargaining may be forced upon them. The former they would undoubtedly accept, if pushed to extremities; but the open shop, so sedulously maintained, they will not yield. They have engaged trained counsel, as the manufacturers of Bridgeport did, to uphold their argument. Both sides are determined; labor is hopeful, while the employers are displeased with the administration which, in their opinion, provoked this disaster.

The existence of the War Labor Board has not quieted the troubled industrial waters. Influences already mentioned keep the employees at work, and prevent a lock-out by the manufacturers. But if the War Labor Board, because of a rush of work, delays attention, will labor and capital lie down together indefinitely? Political possibilities also begin to appear. A recent editorial in *The Voter and His Employer* urged employers to help bring about Republican victory and criticised the administration for alleged advocacy of the closed shop. Colonel Harvey's *War Weekly* has bitterly attacked the Labor Department, also; and upheld the employers in this stand. If the attempt of a few workers to form an American Labor party is symptomatic, perhaps labor, too, is aroused to the value of political action. That a national labor board would be able to enforce its decrees in peace times is extremely doubtful. But whether it prove a temporary or a lasting instrument of control, the National War Labor Board has already helped to demonstrate that short hours and high wages are consistent with maximum production.

Contributors to this Issue

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In the Driftway

WITH some of the vagaries of our censorship the readers of the *Nation* are now familiar. I wonder how many are aware that efforts are being made to extend it to other countries. The other day the Associated Press reported the suppression in Paris of one issue of *Le Populaire*, the new radical Socialist daily, "at the request of General Pershing"—for what reason no one yet knows. Almost simultaneously came the news, via Sweden and Switzerland, of the beginning of criminal proceedings against the Swedish newspaper *Aften Bladet*, at the request of the American Minister to Sweden. The ground of the complaint was that this newspaper had attacked President Wilson in a way to endanger the present friendly relations between the United States and Sweden. While this report must be taken with some reservation pending absolute verification, it unfortunately fits in with other developments in Sweden. We have no doubt whatever that if the American Minister has taken such action he has done it without the knowledge and consent of President Wilson, whom we hold to be absolutely above such childishness either at home or abroad. But there are curious things happening every hour and it is regrettable that Mr. Wilson permits the men responsible to remain in office instead of making an example of one or two conspicuous ones *pour encourager les autres*.

* * * * *

I NOTE that the policy of anonymity as to the army in France still continues. The censor even deleted the other day the name of an army corps which apparently General Pershing himself desired printed in recognition of its admirable services. Only occasionally does the name of a general crop out in the news. This seems to be altogether absurd. We know who the German generals are against whom we fight, and they know ours. But it is safe to say that the great public in America knows the names of only four generals, Pershing, March, Bullard, and Liggett—the last two now lieutenant generals. So I was glad when the name of an old friend turned up as the commander of the Third American Army Corps—John L. Hines. This excellent officer was a major of regulars when the war began and in the short time since has risen by sheer merit to the rank of corps commander. Major Hines was on General Pershing's staff as assistant adjutant general during the expedition into Mexico, and demonstrated his worth at that time. Accordingly General Pershing took Major Hines with him when he started for France. But Major Hines was not content with staff duties and speedily became Colonel of the Sixteenth Regulars, which is supposed to be the first regular regiment to have landed in France—at least one guesses this in the absence of official information. One of its battalions was the organization which created such enthusiasm in Paris on Bastile Day, 1917. General Hines is the best type of the modest, unassuming West Point graduate, not so brilliant as some, but hard-working, devoted, and not in the least militaristic. As a journalist I cannot help wondering how in the face of an absurd censorship we are going to give men like General Hines and General Cameron and General Read and others who are doing fine work the credit to which they are entitled.

* * * * *

The other day the managing editor of the *Nation* dropped in on me, almost in despair as he faced the prospect of making up the present number, for the first time without "Andy" to keep everything straight. Thirty-odd years ago the name of Howard M. Anderson stood for five years on the rolls of the United States army. Then he came to New York, and last week he was presented with a gold watch fob in recognition of thirty-two years of faithful service in the *Evening Post* composing room, where he has always been a sturdy, outstanding figure. An old-fashioned printer, who learned his trade long before the days of the linotype, he has carried over into these later times the finest ideals of the craft. Summer and winter, year in, year out, he has stood at the stone and made up the *Nation*, with an unfailing intelligence and skill, unflagging interest, unwearying readiness to take pains. To him as to no other one man has been due the mechanical perfection that has been a distinguishing mark of the *Nation*. Often, when the dilatoriness of contributors resulted in impossible demands on the printer, he would express a sulphurously uncomplimentary opinion of "grown men" who knew no better than to create such a situation, only to add, "Well, we'll have to do the best we can"; and somehow the impossible always came to pass, and Tuesday night saw the forms locked and the presses running. The separation of the *Nation* from the *Evening Post* has now robbed the former of "Andy." With him go H. J. W. Harrington, whose advertising make-up was a weekly work of art, and George M. Babbage, who in recent years has set almost the whole paper on his own machine. The contribution of these three has been by no means limited to their technical specialty. Over and over again has each one of them called the editor's attention to inaccurate statements of fact, infelicities of expression, sometimes even doubtful points of judgment, that had crept into the proofs. They have been, indeed, valued counsellors. Admirable men and fine printers they are; every *Nation* reader is in their debt. Of such is the strength of our country.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Army English

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some months ago an excellent fascicle for instruction, in elementary French, of the personnel of the army and navy came under my observation. I was struck by a memorandum of the publishers, regarding the pronunciation of the letter *r* as follows: "Just one word of caution to the would-be student concerning the author's original, and so far entirely successful, system of phonetic pronunciation of French. It will be noticed that Madame C—— ends her phonograms of words like *le*, *te*, with the letter *r*. *This r must be kept silent* in the pronunciation. Its use is to ensure the correct value of the vowel before it, and it is not meant to be sounded, any more than we really sound the final *r* in words like *for*, or *sooner*. In fact it is an English *r* and not a French one." At the time these latter statements seemed somewhat amusing, for in spite of an acquaintance with cultured people, in widely separated sections of the country, I was not aware that such pronunciation was the vogue, save perchance in or near Boston, certain portions of Virginia, and more or less throughout the South.

Since entering active service it has been my lot to be stationed in Kansas, Louisiana, Washington, and California; in addition. I have journeyed through Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and Oregon. In this experience I have encountered officers and men, in large numbers, from all sections of the country. A substantial proportion of the officers have been university or college bred; and a fair sprinkling, with similar antecedents, has been noted among the enlisted

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personnel. The soft drawl and the careless manipulation of consonants characteristic of the South were common, and a cognate, though not identical, habits of phrasing, from men not Southern in residence and frankly without Southern ancestry.

The following may serve as examples: pitchah (pitcher), catchah (catcher), shawtstop (short stop), moah (more), haaht (heart), cah (car), motah (motor), runnah (runner), aviatah (aviator), coah (corps), heah (hear), runnin, walkin, readin, flyin (running, walking, reading, flying). In addition to this slovenly manipulation of *r* and final *g*, there was an alteration of vocal *timbre*, almost invariably confined to this group of men. This seemed to fall either into a well-defined accentuation of nasal tones, or a vocalization commonly known as "throaty," while a third class fantastically combines the two.

The result is far from pleasing, the voice ceases to maintain a virile quality and rather decidedly partakes of feminine characteristics. I might add that these characteristics were found widely exhibited among the flying officers of the Air Service, a body of young men decidedly above the average both mentally and physically.

I am not inclined to ascribe these habits of speech wholly to the slovenliness that is so frankly an American characteristic. But I am inclined to raise the question, Is not such speech (though doubtless not taught as such) a by-product of the modern "college atmosphere"? And is it not probable that imitation (sincerest flattery) has conspired to disseminate this assumed manifestation of modern "cultchah"? This up-to-date, freakish affectation of slovenly phraseology must grieve all who cherish the use of sound English speech, who will likewise deplore the engraftment of feminine vocal mannerisms upon the virile type. NORVELLE WALLACE SHARPE

Sacramento, Cal., August 8

A Sturdy Protest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The most important issue in the approaching election, overshadowing all other questions, appears to me the rehabilitation of our civic liberties. Under the Federal Espionage Act and similar State laws, the free expression of opinion that used to be the foundation of our liberty no longer exists. Citizens feel intimidated and, for fear of denunciation, do not dare to express their convictions and opinions even in private conversation.

I shall, therefore, vote for the Socialist party, the only one that stands for the repeal of those laws that have resulted in an abridgment of the freedom of speech and of the press, of the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

FRANZ BOAS

Grantwood, N. J., October 19

Smollett and the Universal History

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thomas Seccombe in his article on Smollett, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," is not precise in reference to Smollett's general editorship of a Universal History. Mr. Seccombe says: "In 1758 Smollett undertook the superintendence of a voluminous Universal History, which was to be published in collaboration. One of his assistants was the veteran, Dr. John Campbell, whose books 'no man can number.' The work of the lesser members of the confederation required much polishing, and Smollett felt the drudgery keenly. He himself wrote the portions relating to France, Italy, and Germany."

It is certain that this was not the voluminous Universal History of 1766 [cf. *Nation*, September 9, 1915]. But it appears that Dr. Smollett had a hand in this work, to which it is known that Dr. Campbell contributed. In a letter to Richard Smith, of Burlington, N. J. (printed from the manuscript in the *Atlantic Monthly*, III, 696), under date of May, 1763, Smollett gave a list of his acknowledged works—among them "a small part of the Modern Universal History." In this letter Smollett was plainly disturbed at being misrepresented in America. At the time he said he was not yet done with a work "exhibiting the present state of the world." This was the voluminous History to which Mr. Seccombe makes reference, "The Present State of All Nations," 8 vols., 1764.

In the case of England, Dr. Smollett was supposed to be able to make a History at the rate of a century a week. What was his speed with all nations? And when shall we have another Modern Universal History? A. J. MORRISON

Hampden Sidney, Va., August 17

Holland's Military Preparations

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We continue here to keep up the good fight on the side of the Allies. Independently of my political and literary labors, I conceived last year the grand project of providing our army with a large number—I dare not say a sufficient number—of reserve officers. I spoke of the plan to some of my friends and I was lucky enough to secure the support of one of our ablest retired officers, Captain Polviet, who was good enough to aid us with his counsels; and finally we obtained the indispensable approval of our Minister of War. So now it is possible for all Dutch civilians from twenty-five to fifty-five years of age to learn as rapidly as possible the duties of a reserve officer. A committee, whose membership embraces all our different political parties with the exception of the Socialists, who refused to join us, acts as patron of our enterprise, which at the present juncture is as necessary as it is patriotic.

GÉRARD WALCH

Amsterdam, August 20

Senator Vardaman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I regret to note in the issue for August 31 The Drifter's unqualified condemnation of Senator Vardaman. Granting that he is a "fire-eating" Southerner, "suckled in a creed outworn," we can still trace some threads of gold in the web of his public life. Fearless, honest, single-minded perhaps to fanaticism, he is not to be bribed, cajoled, still less bullied, from his chosen course. It must not be forgotten that he was one of those who a year ago voted for the provisions of the now famous minority report of the Senate Finance Committee, which if adopted then would have saved the country several billions of dollars in bonds and interest, besides preventing much scandalous profiteering. I misdoubt that it was Senator Vardaman's few virtues rather than his many faults that retired him from the Senate. A. W. B.

Deephaven, Minn., September 5

Bare Justice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very sorry to note what your excellent correspondent, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, writes in your issue of September 14 about "restoring Belgium," as follows: "Every cent of that sum should be paid by Germany, if it starves every German man, woman, and child." Why is not that "blood vengeance"? Every leader of public opinion ought to know better than to say such things. In the first place, no nation in the smoke of battle can see what real justice is. Who can be trusted to be judge in his own cause? Who among finite men knows enough of the unseen forces working behind the errors and sins of nations, fairly to apportion blame or deserts? Who can ever tell what bare justice is?

We already see (note, for example, your admirable review in the same *Nation*, of Dr. Schlesinger's book, "The Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution") that our fathers suffered no such intolerable oppression as they imagined! Even in the case of the Civil War we are now frankly admitting that the North was as much to blame for the curse of slavery as the South was.

The fact is, that no enduring peace, such as the sore world calls for, can be had without fair-mindedness and mutual sympathy. Grant that not Belgium alone, but every innocent population, overrun by the war, should so far as possible be restored.

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Grant that Germany ought to make restitution, and every other nation with her, for overpassing the lines of "civilized warfare," provided we can be sure where those lines run. (How about the treatment by all of us of the little neutral nations?) Grant especially that private property and indemnities collected ought to be returned in full. But suppose that, as Mr. Bradford intimates, such reasonable restitution is impossible for the defeated nations without many years of starvation and penury! What does mercy, sympathy, common humanity, ask of us? I cannot imagine Mr. Bradford willing to stand by, as a citizen of a prosperous country rapidly recovering from the losses of the war, and looking over the sea upon starving millions of people in Germany toiling like slaves to repay her debts in behalf of Belgium. The patient Belgians would not wish to see this fierce punishment of their neighbors. Neither would the workers of the world allow the peasants and artisans of Germany to suffer the dire penalty for conduct for which a few scheming aristocrats and professional soldiers were responsible.

Why not rather bring to bear a higher force, worthy of the new civilization and the better democracy for which we are said to be fighting? Suppose we show the good will due from a great nation to whose power millions of honest and useful German emigrants, some of them notable pioneers of freedom, have contributed. Suppose then we help bridge the gulf of strife and angry blame by the frank offer to share with Germany in the restoration of Belgium. Here is a bridge to the peace of the world that can bear the mighty weight that will rest upon it. Will any other kind of a bridge bear the strain? Will men never see what the Golden Rule means, and how solidly practical it is? CHARLES F. DOLE

Southwest Harbor, Me., September 29

Assorted Poets

By O. W. FIRKINS

Toward the Gulf. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Nine Poems from a Valetudinarium. By Donald Evans. Philadelphia: Nicholas L. Brown. $1.00.

Common Men and Women. By Harold W. Gammans. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

Children of the Sun. By Wallace Gould. Boston: The Cornhill Company. $1.50.

Green Fruit. By John Neale Bishop. Boston: Sherman, French and Company. 80 cents.

Song-Flame. By Amy S. Bridgman. Boston: The Stratford Company. $1.50.

The Shadow Eater. By Benjamin De Casseres. New York: Wilmarth Publishing Company.

Profiles. By Arthur Ketchum. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

My Ireland. By Francis Carlin. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25.

The Grass and the Pavement. By M. E. Buhler. New York: James T. White & Company. $1.25.

Tropical Town and Other Poems. By Salomón de la Selva. New York: John Lane and Company. $1.25.

Chamber Music. By James Joyce. Boston: The Cornhill Company. $1.00.

"TOWARD the Gulf" flows out of the "Great Valley," and flux is the true word for Mr. Masters's copious and unpausing verse. The verse is mostly blank or free, the form oftenest monologue or narrative in which the talker often arrests and detains the tale-teller, and beauty is even rarer than in former volumes. I incline to believe that Mr. Masters comprises two men, an unmodern poet and an unpoetic modernist. I say "incline," because the best, or nearly the best, poem in the present volume, the "Canticle of the Race," half bears me out, half belies me in this hypothesis.

> How beautiful are the bodies of men—
> The agonists!
> Their hearts beat deep as a brazen gong
> For their strength's behests.
> Their arms are lithe as a seasoned thong
> In games or tests
> When they run or box or swim the long
> Sea-waves' crests
> With their slender legs, and their hips so strong,
> And their rounded chests.

That is Olympic, in its fashion. On the bodies of women he has this fine outcry:

> My wonder is a flame which burns,
> A flame which rests.

In contrast with such passages, the prevalent quality in these poems is dinginess. They are backstairs verse, even where their nominal housing is princely. The very brotherhood which is their redeeming trait is a fellowship in squalor. Two ragamuffins in some Gorkiesque tale crouched together upon reeking straw—that is the sordid but not quite ignoble image of Mr. Masters's fraternity with his kind. In "Sir Galahad" he is human, almost tender.

Two main defects, the first in ethics and the second in art, disclose a strong kinship, even a like origin. Mr. Masters not only vindicates, but extols, the physical instincts of man. His work abounds in what our fearless ancestors would have called lewdness. The Shakespeare whom he draws is mainly abdominal. Not less sincere, on the other hand, is his homage to the lonely men who have outraced or outfaced their laggard and grovelling times. He has his motley legion of honor, his nondescript army of martyrs, among whom he enrolls Jesus, Shelley, and Voltaire; Shelley possibly as a hyphen between Jesus and Voltaire. Mr. Masters, I should say, does not like a rebel and outcast because he is a prophet; on the contrary, he likes a prophet because he is a rebel and an outcast. Religion as such scarcely affects him; "Dr. Scudder's Clinical Lecture," in which an anatomist tells the story of a persecuted visionary, is instructive on this point. We have in the lecture pure jargon, a barbed-wire entanglement of Germanic thoroughness: in the account of the persecution we have true though rude force; in the story of the vision mere convention.

This mixture of sensuality and idealism appears to rest (I speak only from inference) on the assumptions that all incentives are equally valid or that their authority varies only with their strength. Give equal scope and fair play to all the instincts; to which the reply is that equal scope for all the instincts is not fair play. To turn leopards and heifers loose in the same enclosure may be impartial, but impartiality in that case is unfair. Nature overstresses the stomach and loins; man, defensively, overstresses the brain and conscience, that life may be kept in plumb by the balance of these opposite deflections. The finer instincts are in the position of feeble suitors in a corrupt court who need *patronage* in order to get *justice*.

The art of Mr. Masters in his later works is further astray than his ethics. Miss Lowell is discerningly accurate in her judgment that in his bulky monologues and narratives he has missed the force of the concise "Spoon River." In that singular poem his art was in a sense ready-made. An epitaph, like a grave, is compact, and a cemetery has the advantage of an enclosure. The plan itself supplied the art, but in recent volumes Mr. Masters has given melancholy proof of the extent to which a talent very far from contemptible may be palsied by artistic incompetence. For example, he quite lacks the instinct of dramatic propriety. If a word occurs to him and a mouth is at hand, he claps the word into the opening without asking if the mouth be of a fit shape or size to utter it. In "Dear Old Nick" he destroys one of his best effects by the analogous fault of shifting the key. He says what comes into his head, and the reader who knows how numerous and various are the arrivals in that caravansary can imagine the artistic confusion which results. The principle that undermines his ethics saps his art—the theory that one thing is as good as another. Why give one prompting called a conscience supremacy over another called a lust? Why give one idea called an artistic purpose precedence over another called an irrelevancy? Art is the claim of one idea to suppress another; art is privilege, and privilege is iniquity. Art is mostly the conservation of effects: Mr. Masters is so unflinching a radical that he disdains to conserve anything—even his hold upon the reader.

It is a chastened Donald Evans who speaks to us in "Nine Poems from a Valetudinarium." Has his heart been touched, or his brain? His former critics and admirers would probably differ in their replies. Personally I welcome the change, though,

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in spite of diversities, or by reason of diversities, the volume as a volume seems rather expressionless. Two poems, however, arouse a real interest, the "Temple," a simple lyric in which a charm nestles, and the "Apologia Pro Mea Vita," in which a searching question is forcibly put.

In the drab descents
Was I not still I,
If I was myself
When I touched the sky?

To a scant volume of verse which the world may face tranquilly Mr. Gammans has attached a preface in which he contends that "rhythmus" (otherwise "free verse" or "vers libre") is distinct from verse and prose alike. He thinks that rhythmus loses force and distinction by its subsumption under verse, much, I suppose, as the sweet potato might suffer in dignity through a name which wrongly confused it with the Irish esculent. On the linguistic question etymology seems to me decisive against Mr. Gammans. Prose, from *prosa, prorsa, proversa,* means "forwards" or "straight on." Prose normally goes on forever, and the reason why prose lines are not as long as railway lines is the mere accident that pages are not as broad as continents. A verse, on the contrary, is a turning, and any line which is self-bounded, whose reason for stoppage is internal, is a verse, no matter how various or irregular its contents. A thing must either go on or stop; a third possibility is unimaginable. But does free verse really lose anything by inclusion in the larger unit, verse? A world of difference may divide members of the same technical category: the Hottentot and Mr. Gammans are both men.

Mr. Wallace Gould begins his volume by expressing his discouragement with his reader. The feeling at the close of the book is reciprocal. Not that Mr. Wallace Gould is stupid, but that he has that form of cleverness which breeds an affection for stupidity. He is the young man of unevolved inspirations, who, so to speak, *dices* for effects, gives himself to pointless novelty and vague experiment, hoping to come out somewhere by grace of fortuity. He has an ear for verbal iterations, an eye for cats, grackles, and daffodils, and a nostril a-tilt for ordure. "Out of Season," re-written in unaffected prose, would make a good short story of the "Grim Thirteen" type. But I am half disposed to say that the tiny phrase, "the green so new and the ground so old," is worth, poetically, all the rest of the volume.

I cannot but like Mr. John Neale Bishop for the lusty and manly fashion in which he betakes himself to a rather sophisticated and effeminate type of verse. His verse is better than its type, as the following proves:

I had dreamed that Love would come under broad pennons
of gold,
With rumbling of ponderous drums and conches braying . . .
And Love has come . . .
But quietly as a girl who walks
With bare feet over the warm grass
In a night of moths and roses.

His addiction to literary crochet-work has not prevented his becoming first lieutenant of infantry in the United States army.

Miss Amy S. Bridgman's "Song-Flame" is flame and—smoke. As I analyze the case, a clever woman who feels something is trying to put herself in the place of a woman who feels more. The result is that half-success which in art is tantamount to failure; the reader is not so much moved as jostled. Even to be jostled is not wholly uninteresting.

Benjamin De Casseres's "Shadow Eater" is a mad book, but it has style of a murky sort, and a poem or two, "My Comic Perspective" and the "Closed Room," exhibit something which, if wedded to sanity, might beget power.

Mr. Ketchum is continuously agreeable both in free and in fixed verse. He has made fixed verse his school for the mastery of free metres (Mr. Braithwaite once gave excellent counsel to the same effect), and he knows how to be wary in freedom: he sees that the looser the net in which one holds beauty the more likely it is to escape through the meshes. He is a true artist in a quiet fashion.

Francis Carlin is a Celt twice dipped in Celticism, and "My Ireland" will give real pleasure to people who love brilliancy and do not mind inconsequence. Splinter and sparkle—that is his formula. He puts himself into two delicate lines:

And the wind it blew the soul of me
To the edge of the evening sky.

One could ask no lovelier place to be blown to, if one's soul *is* thistle-down.

Miss Buhler's volume might be called a hymn-book of evolutionary Christianity. The reader's welfare is tirelessly pursued, and protoplasm seconds the Trinity in the spiritual reconstruction of mankind. The contents of this faith are estimable, but its temper is placid, fluid, and facile. The writer has her portion of endowment: a mellow, even an aqueous, lyricism, and unsifted but sometimes fortunate imagery. The book-taster who has read the "Grass in the Pavement," "All Awry," "At Amiens," "Faith," and perhaps the "Autumn Star" may shut the book without wrong to himself or Miss Buhler.

Señor de la Selva in "Tropical Town" leaves in my mind a strong admiration, a doubt, and a doubt of my doubt. The admiration rests on things like these:

Beyond that length of lazy street, to where
The lonely green trees and the white graves are.

or this:

And she said things like cinnamon and figs,
And homely things all woven of gray wool,
And futile anythings: a broken spool,
A leadless pencil and some withered twigs . . .

or this noble prayer for America:

I pray the Lord He shelter the stars that shelter me.

The versatility is astounding. There are folk-songs (sometimes charming), child-songs (bright, if somewhat overplotted), sumptuous or corrosive pictures of Nicaragua to which Poe might have lent a high Castilian patronage, homely-hearted New England idyls for which Whittier would have been thankful, trumpetings of nationality or raciality, offerings to Eros in which Priapus dips a sodden finger, old-world and oldtime fairy tales broidered with allegory, sheer modernism finding glories and sanctities in the Woolworth building. Everywhere I find the union of two things the separation of which has shipwrecked many poets—accomplishment and sensibility. What, then, is the source of doubt? I find Señor de la Selva a rather dispersed personality; I have a feeling that he should be reassembled. I cannot find the man; I have too many clues. Is he of the Beduins or the Zingari? He is bi-lingual—and his control of our tongue is remarkable, if unequal; he is almost bi-national; and he is various, if not discordant, in his cults and affinities. His lubricities, not large in extent or egregious in kind, impress me like the juvenilities of a grown man. Eating green fruit at twelve merely proves that one is a boy; eating it at twenty proves that one is a fool. Señor de la Selva is anything but a fool, yet I am compelled to think that the author of "Body and Soul" and "December, 1916" should have left behind the voluptuousness of the "Box of Sandalwood." Possibly in all this I am thankless and captious; as I have said, the poet is finally strong enough to make me distrustful of my doubt.

Of the books handled in this article the shortest and, in one sense, the lightest has won me most. Having left myself no space for comment on Mr. Joyce's "Chamber Music," I shall allow the poet to speak for his own bright, glancing, lyric self:

Bright cap and streamers,
He sings in the hollow:
Come follow, come follow,
All you that love.

Leave dreams to the dreamers
That will not after,
That song and laughter
Do nothing move.

With ribbons streaming
He sings the bolder;
In troop at his shoulder
The wild bees hum.

And the time of dreaming
Dreams is over—
As lover to lover,
Sweetheart, I come.

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Old Eurydamas*

By MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

HOPEST thou then, through the long afternoon,
That thy sons will return from the battle below;
Hearing but vaguely the clamorous tune
Of the crashing of arms, and the shouts of the foe?
Are thy visions so real that the battle but seems—
Old Eurydamas, Dreamer of Dreams?

Yes, the sunlight is warm in October; and here
On the wall by the gate are the warriors of old;
And Helen, the white-armed, stands statue-like near,
Shading her eyes from the sun's level gold.
Can thy dim eyes perceive where the battle-line gleams—
Old Eurydamas, Dreamer of Dreams?

There Diomedes has slain thy fair sons,
Abas and Polydos, goodly and brave.
Fallen they lie where the Simoïs runs;
Thou canst decipher no dreams from the grave:
What hope now upholds thee, what vision redeems
Thy desolate anguish, Dreamer of Dreams?

*Iliad: V, 147.

BOOKS

The Theology of the Jews

Jewish Theology Systematically and Historically Considered. By K. Kohler. New York: The Macmillan Company.

NOWHERE perhaps is the contrast between religion and theology so clearly marked as it is in Judaism. Religion as conceived there is the immediate and spontaneous consciousness of God and its effect upon the concrete life of man. The prophets of Israel who felt and expressed life communion with the Divine in terms of a most intimate personal relationship never allowed the warm spring of their religious emotions to congeal in rigid formulas and definitions, and preached, instead, the social, or practical, ideals of justice and righteousness. This "knowledge of the Lord," which is essentially emotional and practical, is fundamentally different from the "Science of the Divine," or theology, as evolved by the mind of the Greek philosophers, which is preëminently speculative and theoretical. Hence the curious phenomenon that the Jews, who have always lived and frequently died for their religious truths, never felt the need of crystallizing these truths in the form of a creed, or in the shape of a systematic theology, unless they were compelled to do so by extraneous influences. This compulsion arose three times in the course of Jewish history: in Alexandria, under the direct influence of Greek culture; in the lands of the Caliphate when the Jews came in contact with Greek thought in the disguise of Mohammedan civilization, and in modern Europe when, after their emancipation, the Jews, emerging from the isolation of centuries, joined the intellectual life of the nations around them.

As a result of the contact of Judaism with modern thought, there arose in the nineteenth century a Jewish theology which found its exponents among the emancipated sections of Jewry on the European continent. Following the wanderings of the Jews, Jewish theology recently made its way into the English-speaking countries, particularly England and America. Hence the author of the volume under consideration is entirely within his right when claiming for his book the merit of being a pioneer work. For though Jewish literature in the English language has produced a number of books which deal with separate phases of Jewish religious thought—one thinks in particular of Dr. Schlechter's brilliant "Aspects of Rabbinic Theology"—Dr. Kohler's work is the first attempt in English to present Jewish theology in all its bearings.

The various problems of Jewish theology are treated under the three headings of "God," "Man," and "Israel." In his presentation of the doctrines centring around God and Man, Dr. Kohler differs but little from the advanced Christian theologians, except, perhaps, for the greater emphasis which he lays on certain aspects of these doctrines. Thus the author defends very energetically the unity of God, as against the orthodox Christian dogma of the Trinity; or the justice of God, as against, or rather in addition to, the love of God which is the outstanding feature of the Christian conception of God. In dealing with man's relation to God, Dr. Kohler repudiates energetically the Christian doctrine of original sin, pointing to the central importance of repentance in Judaism.

Where Jewish and Christian theology part company is in the doctrines centring around the concept "Israel." In a way it may be said that in the theological structure of reform Judaism (Dr. Kohler is a veteran representative of that school of doctrine) Israel occupies the place which in Christian theology is assigned to the person of Christ. It is a "Judæology" instead of a Christology. Israel is the mediator between God and mankind; he is the suffering servant of Isaiah ch. LIII, the *locus classicus* of the official Christology of the Church. The Jews are a "priest-people" and as such are called upon to be the banner bearers of religion to mankind. They are "predestined to be the people of revelation" (p. 39). "The election of Israel as the chosen people of God . . . forms the basis and the chief condition of revelation" (p. 323). Yet the election of Israel "cannot be regarded as a single divine act" but rather as "a divine call persisting throughout all ages and encompassing all lands" (p. 326). In order, therefore, to fulfil their mission among the nations the Jews were exiled from their land and scattered all over the world. The author, accordingly, repudiates the hope of a national restoration of the Jews in Palestine and records his opposition to Zionism (p. 389f.). The belief in a personal Messiah is displaced by expectation of an impersonal Messianic age when the world, taught by the scattered priest-people, will acknowledge the God of Israel.

Being a pioneer work, Dr. Kohler's book is not free from the defects attaching to a pioneer undertaking. There is a palpable lack of completeness as well as of consistency in the treatment of the subject. The author professes time and again to be thoroughly in accord with modern scientific thought; the term evolution figures frequently on his pages. Yet nowhere is an attempt made to bridge the immense gap between modern thought and theological doc-

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trine; there is scarcely an endeavor made to formulate the problem. Thus, in discussing the doctrine of God, the author confidently declares that "the process of evolution . . . points most significantly to a Supreme Power and Energy" (p. 71). Yet at the same time he realizes that all arguments for the existence of God "are strange fires on the altar of religion. The believer can do without them, and the unbeliever will hardly be convinced by them" (p. 66). The author does not commit himself on the question of Creation, declaring that the greatest problem facing modern theology is to reconcile this belief with the "evolutionist view." He is similarly undecided as regards Reward and Punishment (p. 208f.). On the other hand, the author unequivocally repudiates the belief in miracles which "are the products of human imagination and credulity" (p. 164), yet emphasizing at the same time the dogma of Divine Providence. "Indeed, God ceases to be God if he has not included our every step in His plan of creation, thus surrounding us with paternal love and tender care" (p. 172). Dr. Kohler, however, makes no attempt to reconcile these views, merely limiting himself to the assertion that "such a belief in divine Providence is ingrained in the soul, and reasoning alone will not suffice to attain it."

Again, the author is fully aware of the outstanding importance of the racial element in Judaism: "The Jew is born into it and cannot extricate himself from it even by the renunciation of his faith" (p. 6). Yet he is totally blind to the deadly effect of modern life on the racial, not to speak of the religious, integrity of the Jew. The fundamental purpose and the *conditio sine qua non* of Israel's existence is to be a religious missionary to the world. Nevertheless, the Jews must not engage in missionary propaganda. "Not conversion but conviction by teaching and example is the historic task of Judaism" (p. 339f). Israel must remain separate. He must guard both against "absorption by the multitude of nations" and "against isolation from them" (p. 365). At the same time, Reform Judaism "cannot afford to encourage the separation of the Jew from his environment in any way except through the maintenance of his religion" (p. 453) and, therefore, repudiates the dietary laws and the other safeguards by means of which traditional Judaism has succeeded in preserving the individuality of the Jew. Indeed, on reading Dr. Kohler's book one is forcibly reminded of the ungracious but penetrating remark of a famous orientalist that Reform Judaism is Judaism without Judaïn, having discarded the specific elements which went to make up Judaism in its historic development.

Despite these shortcomings, however, Dr. Kohler's book will be read with interest and profit by every one who wishes to familiarize himself with Jewish religious thought as represented in an important section of the Jewish community. The volume is replete with information and learning and helps to correct many erroneous notions concerning Judaism which are current and even fashionable in certain quarters. It reflects, above all, a genuine and warm-hearted religious belief which flows directly from the emotion and need not be propped up by cold theological reasoning. Indeed, Dr. Kohler's book is an eloquent demonstration of the contrast between religion and theology and of the difficulty of squeezing the living religious consciousness of Judaism into the stationary mould of a theological doctrine. It will have a value for students both of Judaism and of theology.

Fair Play for Orientals

American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship. By Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Rising Japan. By Jabez T. Sunderland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

THE past six years have changed in a marked way our relations with the two great empires of the Far East, China and Japan. One of them has got rid of the foreign dynasty which established itself by the sword and for two centuries and a half fettered its growth with the imposition of the pigtail. China is a republic to-day, having a democratic future; and the Government and nation, as Dr. Gulick remarks, "hold a highly gratifying attitude towards us." Among the nations of the West she looks first to us as her friend. And Japan is now our ally. Our country has come into entirely new international relations, and must adjust her policy to meet conditions. A failure to do this may have the gravest consequences.

In his thoughtful treatise, Dr. Gulick remarks that our great Civil War was fought over two fundamental questions: Are we a true nation or a loose federation from which States may secede at will? and, Is our Government to be thoroughly and genuinely democratic, or is it to be aristocratic? These two questions reduce themselves to two moral issues: the spiritual and moral element in our national life and policy, and the dangers of prejudiced race arrogance.

The naturalization of Asiatics on some reasonable basis of fair play is an issue that must be settled soon. Matters cannot rest where they are. Our legislators took unfair advantage of the weakness of China to pass humiliating national restrictions, and then, when a like question came up with a neighboring nation, injected a race distinction into the matter. To quote from Dr. Gulick: "The reason given by the court for refusing naturalization to Shibata Saito, a Japanese, was that 'he was of the Mongolian race, and that the term "white person" excluded the Mongolian race' (62 Fed., 126), in spite of the fact that the laws nowhere mention Mongolians. The naturalization laws deal exclusively with 'free white persons,' persons of 'African birth or descent,' and 'Chinese'."

This is emphatically a national, not a racial, issue, for the Constitution definitely refuses to acknowledge any race bar to citizenship. On the question of nationality the Japanese are extremely sensitive, thereby differing from the Chinese of the last generation, who accepted the humiliating restriction on immigration. But Chinese nationality is at present in the making, and if we are to preserve China as a friend, we must treat her respectfully and fairly. The ten thousand-odd Chinese students who went across to Tokio ten years ago, if they learned very little of Western learning, at least grasped the idea of assertive nationality. The political results after their return were very significant. But even to-day expressions regarding the essential trickiness of the Japanese, their radical untrustworthiness, are used heedlessly by those who ought to know better. When sifted, the statements are found to rest wholly on accidental cases, or on pure race prejudice and gossip. When, compared with Mediterranean peoples in respect to their civic qualities, the Japanese invariably come out well; the more rigid the tests, the more favorable the results. The sixteen thousand Japanese who are born citizens of the United

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States are likely to make very intelligent and capable voters.

Dr. Gulick outlines a programme for constructive immigration legislation. The maximum permissible annual immigration from any people should be a definite per cent., say five, of those from that people who are already naturalized citizens, together with all American-born children of immigrants. This solution is familiar to many, being associated with the name of Senator Dillingham, who proposed a ten per cent. limitation in a bill brought forward five years ago. If the five per cent. limitation had been in force during the period 1911–15, it would have excluded no English, French, Germans, or Dutch, but would have kept out over eighty thousand Italians, nearly thirty thousand Greeks, and as many Russians. It would have kept out several hundred Chinese and over a thousand Japanese, thus acting more stringently than the regulations in force. The author does not regard the plan as a mere mechanical method of restricting unwelcome immigration; it is to be associated with the establishing of immigration on a common principle which does not arouse national resentment; with specific training of all immigrants for citizenship; and with the giving of citizenship to all who qualify, regardless of race. The whole question, so intimately connected with the national honor and dignity, should be handled by the Federal Government, who would see that American standards of living are protected from the dangerous economic competition of immigrants, whether from Europe or Asia. The present war has brought to light a startling danger from certain European immigrants, hitherto esteemed; it is surely time that the whole subject should be handled in a statesmanlike way, in order to avoid future complications. Dr. Gulick's book (unfortunately without alphabetical index) bears the marks of careful study by a capable mind and deserves the warmest reception everywhere, but particularly on the Pacific Coast.

In "Rising Japan" the author seems to hold a brief for Japan, and to have taken the rhetoric of after-dinner speeches at their full face value. Where the reader would look for hard facts, he finds quotations prophesying smooth things: "Says Baron So-and-so," "Says Viscount So-and-so." Fully endorsing the immigration policy of Dr. Gulick, from whom he quotes almost verbatim, Dr. Sunderland is safer when he confines himself to the international problem in this country. But he fails to note that the term "Monroe Doctrine," as used by Japanese statesmen in regard to their policy in continental Asia, is to be read with a German flavor; as a conveniently vague term, covering imperial designs. Anything less savoring of the Monroe Doctrine, as understood in Washington to-day, than the extraordinary demands made on China by Japan in the fateful year 1915 it is difficult to conceive. It will not do to dismiss these demands cursorily in a footnote—as Dr. Sunderland does—as "the work of the short-lived Okuma Ministry." "The better mind of Japan did not approve of them." Marquis Okuma personally may not have approved of them, but may have yielded to extraordinary pressure; he is a Liberal by preference. In Japan as elsewhere the real danger to international friendship and neighborly relations is to be found in the ambitions of the imperialists. The influence of German imperialistic ideas over Japanese officialdom was strong from the middle eighties onward; they naturally left their mark on many Japanese statesmen. The more need to strengthen the liberal forces now struggling for ascendancy.

A Pick of War Novels

The Silent Legion. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company.
The Soul of Susan Yellam. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company.
Elizabeth's Campaign. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.
Drums Afar. By John Murray Gibbon. New York: John Lane Company.
On Furlough. By Florence Olmstead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Years for Rachel. By Bertha Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.
The Star in the Window. By Olive Higgins Prouty. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

MOST novels of any account are now bound to be in some sense war-novels. They are piling up very fast this autumn. Most of them are not of great moment, the "good average workmanship" is there, but seldom a really fresh impulse or fresh touch. Too few of them are the better or the worse for their "war-flavor." The tribe of Britling continues to increase and multiply. "The Soul of Susan Yellam" and "The Silent Legion" are among the novels of the hour that quietly take their place beside "Mr. Britling" and Miss Sinclair's "Tree of Heaven," dealing with the fortunes of war as they concern the majority at home. Mrs. Buckrose's scene is the placid provincial Flodmouth in which she has been wont to stage her wholesome little comedies. Her people are those excellent citizens and housewives, village "characters" and honest young lovers, among whom her lighter fancy has always moved. But now she must show them in the year 1917, bearing their war burdens and sorrows in the fashion of the stout middle class without fuss or noise. "The upper class has blown delicately for ages through long silver trumpets, of course; and only yesterday, as time goes in history, the working class suddenly began to blow brass ones so loudly—perhaps in a reaction after centuries of silence—that the silver trumpets could no longer be heard. But the class to which Mr. Simpson belongs simply does not blow." Mr. Simpson is one of the heroes unsung of this and all wars. He has lost his only brother and his only son, and the war has ruined his business. The future looks dark for himself and for England, and at one moment his faith is shaken. Then his sturdy nature reacts and he is safe: "Dammit!" he said, "The brutes have killed my boy and my business, they shan't kill my faith in God!" . . . In "The Soul of Susan Yellam" and "Elizabeth's Campaign" the upper and lower classes are shown reacting in the same way. Susan Yellam, the fine-minded, stern-souled village woman, so commanding and respected in time of peace, barely meets the test of war. For her nature and interests, however worthy, are infinitely narrow. Above all, her happiness and her faith hang upon the fortunes of her only son. Even after she has come to recognize the reality of the war as an affair that concerns Nether-Applewhite as well as London, she refuses to see that it is at her own door. The son is slow enough in seeking his duty, but after a time enlists. She does not oppose this openly, but in secret is filled with fierce resentment against God. Only after her son's death and reassuring apparition does she again believe and take heart for life—since now she knows there is something beyond death. An early instance, one would say, of the "novelizing" of that sudden popular interest in psychical phenomena to which the booksellers bear witness. That Susan Yellam owes her return to her old pew in the village church to her belief in her son's return from the dead gives a curiously modern twist to a very old situation.

"Elizabeth's Campaign" is, as we are not surprised to find in a novel by Mrs. Ward, a campaign in an upper class sector. She gives us a reactionary English Squire, with the individualism of his order reinforced by other individualisms, of the scholar and the hedonist. He will have nothing to do with the war which has dared menace his own peace and comfort. He has no soul for France or Belgium and no patience with the politicians who, he asserts, have got everybody into this mess. His estate is heavily encumbered, but he finds money for the purchase of new treasures of Greek art at Christie's, while refusing to give a penny to any of the war causes. He will not hear of table economy, or of any sort of change or retrenchment in the name of the war. Into his household comes a brilliant young secretary, a woman of thirty, at home in his hobby and

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quick to admire him as a scholar and man of taste, but without sympathy with his selfish indifference to the great struggle. Her campaign is against that indifference, which his children have combatted in vain. She uses a woman's weapon, first making herself indispensable to his work and his happiness, and then threatening to leave him because of his principles. They prove flexible enough under the conditions, which include the capture of his heart. In the end he is really reformed and becomes a patriot to Elizabeth's and our taste. The story has Mrs. Ward's old fluency, but is too clearly contrived, and too slender in characterization, to be impressive. "Drums Afar" deserves more credit than its publishers give it, as "an international romance with a war tinge." It is a story of heartier flavor than has commonly come out of Oxford. The young Englishman who is its hero contrives to be intensely Oxonian without being either an ass or a weakling. He does not quote Greek to barmaids, or flounder in sex, or carry himself snobbishly in the presence of the alien. He is a decent sort in more than the conventional sense, and quite deserves the Chicago maiden of his choice. That the Chicagoan should be taken as the representative American type enhances the piquancy of the contrast between the very British Fitzmorris, and his Oxford intimate Kelly and destined mate Madeline Raymond. Kelly and Madeline speak extraordinarily good American of its class —a rare thing in a British novel. The action leads up to the war, and both the British youth and the American girl, drifting in a world of big deals and fox trots, are revealed to themselves and each other by its rough tests. "On Furlough" is a lighter bit of international romance, involving a nice Southern girl and an amusing young British officer who has done his first bit in the war without at all finding himself, and needs love to open his eyes. This is an example of a firm sort of comedy now finding a legitimate place among the war-novels. In a current life that must take account of the war, clean and sanative comedy cannot be denied its office. "The Years for Rachel" is a more exuberant piece of the same kind of work, by a writer who has commonly stuck pretty closely to farce. This is the tale of a girl who goes up to London from the provinces and with the aid of love and war works out her destiny. "The Star in the Window" may be named as a similar story in the American setting and in a somewhat more sober vein. This group of war-conscious novels, we have said, are none of them epoch-making, but they are all of respectable quality and well above the average in their kind.

Notes

SHORTLY Little, Brown and Company will publish: "Sky-rider," by B. M. Bower; "The Golden Road," by Lillian Whiting; "Tales of War," by Lord Dunsany; "Happy Jack," by Thornton W. Burgess; "Heroes of Aviation," by Laurence LaTourette Driggs; "Representative British Dramas: Victorian and Modern," by Montrose J. Moses.

The Yale University Press announces for publication this month: "Georges Guynemer: Knight of the Air," by Henry Bordeaux.

Among the books to be published by D. Appleton and Company at the end of October are: "The Three Strings," by Natalie S. Lincoln; "Jimmie the Sixth," by Frances R. Sterrett; "The Boy Scouts Year Book"; "The Laughing Girl," by Robert W. Chambers; "Psychic Tendencies of To-day," by A. W. Martin.

The Stratford Company announces for October publication: "Sidelights on Shakespeare," by Edwin Gordon Lawrence; "Ballads of War and Peace," by Horace Spencer Fiske; "After the War—What?", by James H. Baker.

The Houghton Mifflin Company will publish this week: "Heart's Haven," by Clara Louise Burnham; "The Development of the United States from Colonies to a World Power," by Max Farrand; "Instinct in Industry," by Ordway Tead; "The Book of Elves and Fairies," by Frances Jenkins Olcott; "Formative Types in English Poetry," by George Herbert Palmer; "Songs of Men," by Herbert Frothingham; "In the Soldier's Service," by Mary Dexter; "A Poet of the Air," by Lieutenant Jack Wright; "Before Governors and Kings," by Clarence D. Ussher.

E. P. Dutton and Company will have ready for early publication: "Alsace-Lorraine, Past, Present, and Future," by Coleman Phillipson; "The Kingdom of the Child," by Alice Minnie Hertz Heniger; "American Problems of Reconstruction," by Elisha M. Friedman.

IN "Women and the French Tradition" (Macmillan; $1.50 net), Mrs. Florence Leftwich Ravenel expresses some interesting views concerning feminism in France. The volume contains eight essays, five of which have appeared in the *North American Review*. Mrs. Ravenel deals with such subjects as The Eternal Feminine, Georges Sand, Mesdames de Staël, de Sévigné, and de Lafayette. The writer stands for a cautious and conservative feminism of the Tennysonian kind: woman is "not undevelop'd man, but diverse"; she rises best through her distinctively feminine powers rather than by imitating the lonelier genius of man. In life, she represents ideals of beauty and joy, household light and warmth; in literature, she "arrives" through the power of personality and self-expression. It is particularly in France that woman has for several centuries been awarded a complete rôle, as companion, inspirer, mother, or social leader. In France, then, no militant feminism is visible or necessary. Since French literature is primarily social, the *salonnières* have played their natural part in humanizing and socializing ideas. All the women writers above-mentioned are considered as representatives of self-expression, who, however far they went morally, always remained human and lovable. Of Mme. de Sévigné, it is said "she simply lived." Mme. de Staël, somewhat unjustly, is viewed as a poor writer but a great person. Mme. de Lafayette seems less of a sphinx than Mrs. Ravenel would have us believe. On the whole, though it contains little that is new, this volume, which is gracefully written, furnishes a pleasant kind of reminiscential reading.

DOROTHY Canfield is a writer to be trusted as well as enjoyed. She has proved it on home grounds with the fidelity and broad vision of her "Hillsboro People." We know then that her "Home Fires in France" (Holt; $1.35 net) are faithful beacons. Her pages give no place to hysteria, sensationalism, bitterness, or hate, although they sympathetically reflect devastated village life, the *poilu* on leave returning to his murdered garden; the groping of the blinded in their new darkness; the shouldering of life's burdens by lonely women. Besides these French types with their heart-breaking carnage, are Americans, of many kinds, in France: the soldier boys who had "a queer feeling" to find that the unheard-of little villages they passed were as old as many of the historic cities of their school books, and yet "nothing had ever happened there except a great deal of human life"; the generous but untrained society women trying to dispense relief without typewriter or card index; the hustling dealer in cosmetics who wants to help France by booming the cold cream once supplied to "Marie Antoinette, the queen, you know"; and the dean of hat-buyers on his fifty-first visit to Paris, standing loyally by. There, too, is a wonderful grey-haired couple who are having an ideal honeymoon by bringing food to France and forests to Italy, but who like to put the money directly into the hands of those who need it, and not into "the hands of those self-satisfied young women in uniform who know all about Elmira, New York—but do they about the Department of the Aisne?" Of the stories of Americans, the best is "A Little Kansas Leaven." William Allen White has already given us to see the eternal Kansas in France, but Dorothy Canfield takes France to Kansas. Of war books "Home Fires in France" is most likely to endure for its truth, its humanity, and its literary value. Dorothy Canfield writes, not as an outsider, but as one to whom France is a second home; whose husband went to the front months before our troops were sent; and who has herself given two years of service to the blind soldiers. A strong undercurrent of democracy runs through the stories which will be equally welcome to American and French readers.

THE modern novel is becoming vastly popular in Japan. One of the greatest favorites is the touching story of "Hototogisu," by Kenjiro Tokutomi. Mr. Tokutomi, to use his pen name, comes of a family of writers and is himself probably the best-known author of the day (his books selling by the hundreds of thousands) as well as the only Japanese novelist who is a Christian. A devoted student of Tolstoy, he spent some time in Russia with the Master. His best-known work is a strong religious novel which has caused Mr. Tokutomi to be called the Japanese Tolstoy. Under the title "The Heart of Nami San" (Stratford: $1.50) "Hototugisu" has been prepared for American readers. It is a simple story of happy married life made tragic by an intolerable but all-powerful mother-in-law. It

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depicts Japanese home life with the utmost fidelity and is unsparing in its revelation of the old divorce custom still in force, by which both wife and husband may be entirely at the mercy of the two families. The version by Isaac Goldberg is made *via* Europe and has suffered much in passing through various translations. Not only is the English itself often faulty, but a wrong use of terms entirely sweeps away Japanese custom. The tiny *hibachi*, or charcoal brazier, for instance, becomes a cheery fireplace; and such frequent reference is made to beds and easy chairs (in a country which knows them not) that one wonders if after all the translation is genuine. But the characters themselves stand out with great realism despite an altered background, and gentle Nami-San is a true daughter of Nippon.

EVEN people without much property may eventually be led to realize that heavier taxation is one of the fundamental causes of the increased cost of living. As long as the quack doctor of economics and the politician are with us, however, the usual tendency to take measures which suppress symptoms instead of eliminating causes will prevent an early realization of the fact. Enlightenment will spread, however, through the influence of two classes, the actual and potential investors in Liberty bonds, and the payers of the Federal income tax. If every holder of a baby bond were to spend his next interest coupon on a copy of "The Business of Finance" (Dutton; $1.50), by Hartley Withers, his economic consciousness would become articulate. This does not mean that "The Business of Finance" is startling; it merely presents some economic truisms in entertaining, readable style. Mr. Withers is a well known writer, formerly financial editor of the London *Times*. His remarks on the evils of the systematic inflation practiced in England and his chapter on Investment Abroad are especially valuable. To every gatherer of interest from government bonds who pays an income tax, thus transferring money from one pocket to another, the chapter on Finance and Government may be illuminating. The vexatious problem of restoring business to a harmonious course after the war, through sound finance, is Mr. Withers's main preoccupation. Those who, like him, spread a popular knowledge of economic laws may help to prevent a lapse into the financial dark ages.

WHEN we read such a book as "The Lost Fruits of Waterloo" (Macmillan; $1.50), by John Spencer Bassett, we are bound to wish that no one should write on great problems of statecraft until he has had a practical experience of politics. There is not much connection between the book and the era of Waterloo. The thesis which Dr. Bassett supports is that the idealist alliance of Europe planned then by the Czar Alexander I should now be realized not merely as an alliance, but as a federation of nations to preserve peace. A mere league of nations, he says, will not do; there must be a body with authority to enforce its mandates. Why a league might not do this is not clear; but according to Dr. Bassett only a federation could accomplish it. Great Britain, Dr. Bassett thinks, secured a footing on the Persian Gulf only at the time of the recent Balkan Wars (p. 128). Talk of atrocities in Belgium is only "in order to make the British people mad for war" (p. 196). Britain, which in fact opened freely her markets to Germany, is put in respect to rivalry in trade on exactly the same level with Germany, whose policy was exclusive (p. 159). Germany, it is said, tried to separate Britain from France by "the promise of gains in the near East" (p. xv). Where did the author secure this information? What he knows about the Holy Alliance he derives chiefly from Mr. Alison Phillips's "Confederation of Europe." We have (p. 66) in 1818 "the last gasp of the Holy Alliance," but at Troppau in 1820 Metternich at last ceases to ignore it and uses it as a "stalking horse" (p. 72)! What would Mahan have thought of the view that against Germany dominant in Europe Great Britain "could have done nothing. Her fleet would have been useless" (p. 134)? What would Frederick the Great have said of the statement that his system of recruiting an army was "inefficient" (p. 146)? The author imagines that the "Open Door" in China means that the country shall not restrict imports by a tariff. Because the allies of 1815 received France into good fellowship, they should be expected now to do the same for Germany (p. 202). Dr. Bassett does not mention that in the first instance a dynasty had been overthrown.

IT is not easy to-day to take a fair view of Germany, though it is more necessary than ever to do so, since to know the strength or weakness of an enemy we must see his cause and see it whole. In this respect "The Roots of the War" (Century; $1.50 net), written by William Stearns Davis in collaboration with Messrs. Anderson and Tyler, is quite sound. Beginning with the Franco-German war, "the great war which bred a greater," the writer gives us an account of the causes of the war developed since 1870 as they relate to the rivalries of the great powers, to the Balkans, Egypt, Morocco, and above all to the ambitions of the Pan-Germans to master the world. Mr. Davis has read some of their copious literature and gives delightful extracts, exhibiting the whole doctrine of Pan-Germanism. Nor is he less happy in showing the petty spirit of the German official world in persecuting the non-German peoples within the Empire. There is a sketch, quite fair in spirit, of the outlook of the Prussian junker and of the minuteness of the German regulations down to the labels on benches in public parks, naming the number, the classes, and sexes entitled to sit on the bench. If some of the history is not quite adequate, as for instance that of the Schleswig-Holstein question, it is to be remembered that the author has to crowd much into limited space. The defects of the book are two-fold. Except for the period of the war, Mr. Davis's work is based on secondary material. There are a good many unfortunate slips in matters of fact. Where did Mr. Davis ever hear of a "King of Belgium" (p. 479), and who told him that in uniting the Netherlands in 1815 the Congress of Vienna "annexed Belgium to the Kingdom of Holland" (p. 521)? It is not usual to speak of the German Emperor Frederick as "Frederick III." Well-informed persons do not call Moslems "Mohammedans" (p. 403). Mr. Davis recalls with praise the warnings of Lord Roberts as to German designs and wonders that Britain did not heed them, but does not mention that, at the same time, Lord Roberts carried on a fanatical agitation against Home Rule for Ireland which showed him so wrongheaded that his general judgment was popularly discredited. Mr. Davis's English is so loose as to repel a scholarly reader. What is "a bleeding indemnity" (p. 504)? Over and over again we have outworn phrases such as "giant strides", advances by "leaps and bounds." The grammar is defective. "Germany had certain rights . . . which *they* were entitled to protect" (p. 407). Incessantly we have nouns turned into adjectives; "the Napoleon cult (p. 474); "social welfare legislation" (p. 138), "the old residence town of Louis XIV" (p. 162), "junior rank officers" (p. 187). We have singular verbs where there should be plural: "aggressive war and an ambitious foreign policy *was* one of the last things possible" (p. 41); "such *was* the morning and the evening of the fourth day" (p. 500), a memory of scriptural phraseology which Mr. Davis would have done well to refresh by reference to the Book of Genesis. Each of the three authors has the degree of Ph. D. They have produced a useful book, written with skill and moderation, but marred by crudities which suggest that a censor of style may become necessary in our universities.

IN 1906, Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, purchased in Egypt four manuscripts of the Bible, the deciphering and editing of which was committed to the competent hands of Professor Henry A. Sanders, of the University of Michigan. Three of the four, comprising respectively Deuteronomy and Joshua, the Psalms, and an ancient uncial of the Four Gospels, have already been issued. The publication of the fourth manuscript, under the caption of "The Washington Manuscript of the Epistles of Paul" (Macmillan; $1.25 net), brings to a happy conclusion the sturdy toil of a dozen years. This manuscript is but a fragment and when found was in "an almost hopelessly decayed condition." In the eighty-four leaves having legible writing, fragments of all the fourteen canonical epistles of Paul, except Romans, have been brought to light by the care of the editor and printed in clear and beautiful form, variations from this text, which are found in the text of Westcott and Hort, being put at the bottom of the printed pages in lieu of a collation. The editor believes that the manuscript had originally between 208 and 212 leaves and that "joined with the manuscript of the Four Gospels, found with it, it made a complete New Testament, which did not, however, contain Revelation." The type of text represented, Dr. Sanders thinks, is, being translated into the language of Westcott and Hort, not "western" or "Alexandrian," but, on the whole, "neutral," though there are about a

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score of "Alexandrian" readings which are opposed to the "neutral" text of Vaticanus and Aleph.

TWO general books on religion are "The Experience of God in Modern Life" (Scribner; $1), by Prof. Eugene W. Lyman, and "The Life of God in the Life of His World" (Funk & Wagnalls; 60 cents), by Dr. James Morris Whitom; the latter a defense of the doctrine of the Trinity, the former an exposition of evolutionary theism. With these, but distinctly below them in quality of reasoning, may be grouped "The Compass" (Badger; $1), by Edwin L. McIlvaine, in the Library of Religious Thought; "Jesus—Our Standard" (Abingdon Press; $1.25), by Professor Herman Harrell Horne; "Christ Triumphant and Christian Ideal" (Stratford; $1.50), by P. C. Schilling; and "The Holy Spirit: A Layman's Conception" (Putnam; $1.25), by William Ives Washburn—all of them of the "inspirational" order. Inspirational also, but better designed to meet real difficulties of thought or experience, are "The Miracles of Jesus" and "The Parables of Jesus" (Dutton; $1.60 each), both by the Rt. Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of York, whose recent visit to this country is still fresh in memory.

Music

French and Japanese Musicians

NEARLY all the nations represented in the Avenue of the Allies are also likely to be heard in the concert halls of New York. Even Japan, though her own music is as unlike ours as her language, is not overlooked. There are now at least two Japanese prima donnas on this side of the Pacific. Last Friday the Society of American Singers revived "The Mikado" which, as everybody knows, sounds some genuine Japanese strains; and the same is true of the most popular of modern Italian operas, "Madama Butterfly." Conversely, in Japan our music (that is, European music chiefly, although our "Marching Through Georgia" is said to be very popular over there) is very much in evidence. The Conservatory Orchestra in Tokio, a few months ago, celebrated the Gounod centenary with a special programme devoted to his works, and the Government is doing all it can to cultivate a general taste for foreign compositions, without neglecting the native tonal art.

There is reason to suppose, too, that the Japanese Government took a paternal interest in the education and blossoming of the genius of Koscak Yamada, a young composer of thirty-two, who, after graduating at the Imperial Academy of Music in Tokio went to Berlin and other European centers for further instruction and impressions. Last week he gave a concert of his own compositions in Carnegie Hall which made a favorable impression on the local experts and music lovers who mingled with members of the Japanese colony in the audience. The programme included a choral number entitled "An Autumn Feast"; two symphonic poems based on Japanese verses; a choreographic symphony, "Mary Magdalen," after Maeterlinck; two legendary poems of old Japan and a Coronation Prelude written for the coronation of Emperor Yoshihito. Inevitably, the orchestral numbers were largely a gallery of echoes in which the voices of modern German, French and Russian masters were discernible. The hearers were particularly pleased with those pieces in which Japanese strains colored the texture—in the combinations of Oriental folk tunes with Occidental patterns, and in the songs, which were quaintly Japanese. In noting the influence of European composers on an Oriental composer like Mr. Yamada we must not forget that Debussy, Grainger, and others of our composers have derived much of their own inspiration from Japanese and other Eastern sources.

It was a little surprising that the later Orientalizing products of the French school were not more conspicuously represented in the two programmes recently played at the Metropolitan Opera House by France's leading orchestra, the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, which has come over here for a tour of the United States and Canada under the auspices of the French Government. This orchestra is made up chiefly of professors of the Conservatoire, which is the source and centre of French musical life as no other high school is in any other country. It was already a model orchestra when Richard Wagner dwelt in Paris, in 1839-42. Its most notable achievement is that it taught the Germans how to play Beethoven. At any rate, Wagner, displeased with the performances of Beethoven's symphonies he had heard in Dresden and Leipzig, wrote in his essay "On Conducting" with reference to the Conservatoire Orchestra's playing, that "French musicians sooner than the Germans discovered the secret of interpreting Beethoven; they discovered it because they, being affiliated with the Italian school, look on melody, on song, as the essence of all music."

As at that time, so to-day, the Orchestra of the Conservatoire plays Beethoven melodiously and emphasizes the melodic contours of other works in a way to suggest the lucidity we all admire in French literature. André Messager, who has been for ten years the conductor of this famous orchestra, chose for its American début a programme including Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture, César Franck's symphony, Saint-Saëns's Rouet d'Omphale," Dukas's "L' Apprenti Sorcier," Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fêtes," and Lalo's "Rhapsodie Norvégienne." In his second programme he included Beethoven's fifth symphony, Bizet's "Patrie" overture, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," a selection from Franck's "Redemption" and Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture. At least two of these works, the Franck symphony and the "Rouet d' Omphale" of Saint-Saëns, had probably a more polished, refined and sympathetic reading than had ever been given them before in New York, deeply impressing the large and distinguished audience. Altogether, M. Messager proved himself a conductor of the first rank, and his orchestra surprised those who heard it for the first time by being not only superlatively fine in the wood-wind choir, a French specialty, but hardly less so in the strings, wind, and brasses.

HENRY T. FINCK

Drama

Promised French Plays

THE opening of the French Theatre last week proclaimed the real beginning of New York's dramatic season. If one could set aside an evening a week to be spent at the Vieux Colombier, for the next twenty-five weeks, he would be sure of educational profit and delight. According to the new schedule each play will run one week only; therefore lovers of the drama must keep a brisk pace or be the losers. In addition to some of the best of last season's productions, there will be more than a dozen new ones, including Brieux's "Blanchette," Donnay's "Georgette Lemeunier," Courteline's "Boubouroche," Verlaine's "Les Uns et les Autres," and de Musset's "Les Caprices de Marianne." It will be refreshing to see the actors of the Vieux Colombier in such old favorites as "Gringoire," "Le Mariage de Figaro," "La Femme de Claude," and "Le Gendre de M. Poirier." Expectation is high, also, for M. Copeau's own new play, "Le Roi, Son Vizir et Son Médecin."

A wide range is afforded; those who find "Les Frères Karamazov" too gloomy may choose Molière instead. Comedy of manners, symbolistic drama, psychological comedy, pure farce—each the best of its kind—may be had in turn.

Bernstein's "Le Secret" began the series with a direct appeal to present taste. Although familiar in English, through Mr. Belasco's production, the play had not been given here before in the original. Mlle. Lucienne Bogaert was a marvelous human cat, curling herself, with sinuous grace, comfortably into the lives of her victims. The absolute truth of the play, however, came to its climax when the two splendid husbands, Constant and Denis, faced the realization that their wives were liars—yet liars needing their love and protection. M. Copeau was a commanding figure, the personification of truth, while M. Lucien Weber was hauntingly real as the timid, loving, jealous, crushed, but forgiving husband.

Keen analysis, intelligent study, faithful workmanship, fidelity to ideals and a love of truth, make the little group of artists at the Vieux Colombier leaders in our dramatic education.

Amusements

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Art

A Great National War Pageant

THE decoration of Fifth Avenue for the Fourth Liberty Loan was more than a passing show. It meant for American artists the chance to originate and carry out for themselves a scheme of decoration on a large scale. It allowed them to speak to the people through their art as artists spoke in days long past when art was a language the people understood.

We have a way in our country of leaving matters of art to anyone rather than the artist. We say he is not a business man, and we hand over his affairs to the business man who is not an artist and wonder at our disappointment in the result. But New York was wise enough to entrust the decoration of Fifth Avenue to artists, the general direction in charge of a Window Display Bureau—a committee of three, the right number when real work is to be done—and the arrangement of each window left to a different artist. It is to this policy we owe the beauty of "The Avenue of the Allies." To go from New York to any other town where artists were not consulted is to be struck by the contrast. In Philadelphia, only two hours away, there was no large general scheme, no artistic control. Flags flew where they would, posters were dotted about anywhere, an occasional enterprising shopkeeper had adorned a window. The artist had not been referred to, and as a consequence, Philadelphia looks much as usual, a foil to the beauty with which New York clothed itself for the Fourth Liberty Loan.

The artists, of course, had the advantage of a beautiful street to decorate. Pall-Mall, the Corso, Unter den Linden, the Ring-Strasse, by comparison, fade into insignificance. The Rue de Rivoli and the boulevards in Paris have more complete unity, but less grandeur and magnificence. In the old Florentine streets of palaces, held up as models, we seem to see merely the suggestion of ideals that Fifth Avenue has realized on a scale hitherto undreamed of. There is also in New York the advantage of that high luminous sky under which, on a radiant October day, mere commonplace would be transformed into a thing of beauty. But if the artists were provided with a marvelous background they knew how to make the most of it. From the fine Temple of Liberty erected in Madison Square to that ugly, unfortunately permanent soup basin of a fountain close by the Plaza, they filled Fifth Avenue with color, brilliant as the brilliant light, framed in harmoniously by the high gray lines of the architecture. We have not yet the old tapestries and sumptuous stuffs that Rome and Florence can hang from their windows to grace a pageant; it would seem a waste of money just now to get together new stuffs for the purpose. The color has been obtained entirely by an arrangement of flags—the flags of the Allies in successive groups with everywhere the "Buy a Bond" banner to strike a rich recurrent note of red. No one who looked up or down the splendid street during the weeks of the loan can forget this blaze of color between the rows of palaces, under the October sky—not a crude blaze, but a rich flaming, like the fires of gold and scarlet, of dahlia and chrysanthemum, in an autumnal garden.

All along, the windows are details in the general plan, though each has its own decorative scheme based upon a painting or piece of sculpture, a print or a poster, in which the artist is the Government's interpreter to the people, explaining to them in terms of art the abomination of war, the need to bring it to a triumphant end, the impossibility of doing so unless bonds are bought. These smaller schemes are not always so successful as the larger design of which they are a part. It is not easy to weave a harmonious pattern out of prints of shipyards and munition works mingled with the latest things in hats and bonnets, or pastoral landscapes set among boots and shoes. Tiffany's windows, with their few details, were the most satisfactory from the purely decorative point of view. The work varies from the old-fashioned sentimental war records of Eastman Johnson to the allegorical flights of Blashfield, the shuddering realism of Wolff and Bellows, the industrial records of Pennell. The prevailing tendency seems to be to speak in symbolism, or allegory—a manner of speech in which the master alone can excel, so easy is it to fall into bathos or caricature. It is not enough to pose a model as Columbia or Liberty, Peace or Victory. She must be made to belong to the composition in order to justify her presence in a realistic setting. Even Mr Blashfield, whose experience as a mural painter has helped him to understand just how to arrange the lines, and balance the color space of his design so as to make it tell from a distance, does not altogether succeed in his "Carry On," and where he does not quite succeed it is no wonder the majority have failed.

They have not known how to convince us that the figure of a woman, whatever her allegorical intention, should be the most prominent in a battle scene. Their soldiers come from the stage, not the camps or the trenches. The elaboration of their allegory is less expressive than such simplicity of realism as we have in the *poilu*, silhouetted against the bare white paper, with no explanatory accessories of that famous French poster *Or les aura!* Besides, this grand, eloquent, melodramatic type of allegory is doing just what we do not want done—perpetuating the old-time idea of the glory and splendor and beauty of the battle. The message from art to-day, if we are to profit by it must be delivered in strong, brutal language such as we get in that horrible painting by S. J. Wolff, where the soldier sticks out his hideous bloody stumps of arms as a reminder to the comfortable civilian of how the glory and beauty are paid for or in the equally horrible canvas by George Bellows where the Belgian, bled white, lies swooning in the arms of his torturers with the unspeakable hands lying livid and dead on the floor by his side. Here you have the war that Sherman told us long ago was hell—the hell that Barbusse has described in "Le Feu."

We get also the horrible realism of war, if of another kind from the records of our great shipbuilding yards and munition factories, in which Pennell, Jonas Lie, and others who treat the same subject, impress us with the labor and wealth and energy our country is spending upon the human massacre, and must keep on spending until the war has given us one thing—a future of peace, for which we are fighting. It is the horror and waste of war that the war poster and the war print must proclaim aloud if they are to be of service in the war propaganda. Realism alone will not answer; war may be turned into the adventure of a summer day, as in F. W. Benson's picture of a neat nursemaid and her children wandering through a pleasant landscape where nothing speaks of the defilement spread by an army over the land save the smoke rising from a distant village and the gesture of the little girl. She holds her hands over her ears with modified terror as if she would shut out, not the noise of war, but the nurse's rebuke or the whistle of a passing train. Nor do we get a sense of war, a reason for appealing to the people, even in pictures so good in themselves as Frederick Waugh's and George Elmer Brown's Seas, or Kenneth Thayer's pleasant decorative arrangement, too light and airy in color and feeling to move us even by its legend, "Lift the Burden from the Children." What is wanted is a choice of realistic subjects that by their realistic treatment will convey to the people the grim horror of the battle and its colossal cost.

However, one hesitates to criticise artists who have given their time and talent so freely and fully to the service of their country. In such a large outdoor display some good things must be missed, and no doubt, hidden away in windows, was much that I did not see. It is easy, too, to overlook the panels painted on the stand in front of the Public Library, each by a different artist on a different day—a living poster to attract the crowd that seldom was attracted, probably because the artist in his blouse seemed to the uninitiated no greater show than a house painter on his ladder. Unfortunately, the panels when set up in place are too small to produce the desired effect. A picture would have not only to sing, as artists say, but to scream, in order to assert itself in the midst of the blazing flags. When seen, they were pleasant splashes of color on the gray walls, occasionally something more. The great thing, however, is the successful result of the experiment. It showed us what artists can do, and made New York beautiful as New York never was before. One's pleasure in it is the less unqualified because we shall not lose all the beauty with the decorations. We shall still have the background, still two of the greatest works of art the pageant had to show, monuments of another great war—Farragut, stern and grim in the glamour of Madison Square, Sherman under the shadow of the Plaza. The artists who would record to-day's struggle in stone or bronze will have to go far indeed to surpass or even equal them.

N. N.

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Finance

War and the Steel Trade

THE steel trade is giving a good account of itself in responding to government demands for war steel. September figures show a remarkable increase in pig-iron production, the daily output of 113,942 tons of iron representing an increase of 4,600 tons over the August figure and being the largest ever reported. The indications are that the output for this month will establish a new high record, as unusual efforts are being made to increase the yield of furnaces now in blast. There was also a record production of steel ingots last month, the total being at the rate of 46,800,000 tons per year.

The previous high record for pig-iron production was established in October, 1916, and the record for ingot output in the corresponding month of 1917. In addition to the immense tonnage required for war purposes, the Government is placing large orders for locomotives for service in this country and in Europe. It is expected that the industry will show a total ingot production for the half year ending with December of 19,500,000 tons. This total would be 2,500,000 tons larger than the prospective supply indicated by the War Industries Board several months ago. The Board then placed the country's requirements somewhere between 23,000,000 and 25,000,000 tons. Many of the large mills are showing a remarkable output, considering the deficient labor supply with which they are obliged to contend. War orders have been so heavy as to make it difficult for them to supply the requirements of private customers, and a large amount of new construction work is being held up so as to enable the Government to receive practically the entire output.

In the effort to prepare for peace business, many of the large munitions plants are being altered so as to make it possible for them to resume the business that they were originally designed to handle. There is little likelihood that the industry will be seriously disturbed by the cessation of hostilities abroad. Little steel is held in reserve anywhere, and if American production could be increased immediately by 50 per cent., there would probably be a ready market for all the steel not needed by the Government. The indications are that as soon as the war ends, the mills will receive large orders from private consumers who have been forced to hold back their requirements owing to government needs.

Some experts look for some demoralization in the industry while the movement is under way to readjust prices to a peace basis; but Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, takes a hopeful view of the outlook, and reminds business men that the United States will continue to lead the world in industrial matters after the war ends. The large steel mills have done an immense business during the past four years, and if they are able to retain a full quota of workers, will increase production yet further. Very little steel, other than that for government uses, can be exported at this time, owing to the need of utilizing all shipping space for essential business, but the war has advertised American steel products and methods abroad in a remarkable way. The construction of several hundred miles of railways in France by American engineers has already been effective in illustrating the advantages of American methods, and will have its effect in the future.

France, Great Britain and Italy will probably bid heavily for our steel in repairing the ravages of war. There is good reason, therefore, to expect heavily increased foreign consumption. Inasmuch as American banks have largely extended their sphere of foreign influence during the years just past, it will be relatively easy to finance this growing volume of business abroad.

In considering the expansion of the steel industry, our progress in shipbuilding must also be taken into account. By the time the war ends, American shipyards will probably have turned out a total tonnage exceeding that of any other nation. This industry will continue to expand after the war, as we take up the task of handling our growing foreign trade. The situation is very interesting, and there is every reason to expect our great steel mills to give a good account of themselves in the future.

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NEWSY NOTES

The Inferno

Although this tremendous novel by Henri Barbusse, author of "Under Fire," was published a couple of months ago and cannot in these breathless days be called a "new" book, it continues to provoke much excited comment. It was translated from the 100th French edition of the book, in spite of the fact that many "reviewers" say they cannot understand this phenomenon. Some literary critics call it great, others call it impossible. Some understand its point of view regarding the never-ceasing war waged between the sexes, others condemn its philosophy without even trying to understand it. $1.50

Capel Sion and My Own People

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The Path on the Rainbow

Gift books have been more or less condemned for this season because so many of them are very expensive reprints of books that can be obtained in so many cheaper editions. "The Path on the Rainbow" is a handsome gift book of literal translations of the poetry of American Indians, edited by George Cronyn, and with introductions and appreciations by Mary Austin and Constance Lindsay Skinner. The book is decorated throughout by J. B. Platt. $1.50

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We spoke of O. Henry when we compared him with Caradoc Evans. One critic says that Ambrose Bierce, the author of this book of stories of the grotesque and unreal, combines the vivacity of O. Henry, the ingenuity of Conan Doyle, and the artistry of Poe. Many of the finest critics consider Bierce the greatest writer of American short stories. $1.50

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The German Myth

Gustavus Myers has gathered in this book new data, statistically proved, showing that conditions in Germany are the very opposite of what we are led to believe—that immorality, crime and poverty are greater there than in any other European country or in the United States. The subtitle of the book is "The Falsity of Germany's 'Social Progress' Claims." The book is endorsed by the League for National Unity. $1.00

The Great Change

"The New America After the War" is how Charles W. Wood, the author of this book, describes it. It is based on a series of interviews which Mr. Wood obtained as a special writer for the New York *World*, with the men and women at the head of American Government and Industries, and with the leaders of American thought. It should be of special interest to readers of *The Nation*. $1.50

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Here is another book with a subtitle—"A Yankee View of Capitalism." James MacKaye, the author of the book, says that many persons who did not suspect themselves to be Socialists will, when they read this book, discover that they are, and that Socialism is a true American ideal. The publishers think that "Americanized Socialism" is the most grippingly interesting book on the subject now in print. $1.25

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Henderson, W. B. D. Swinburne and Landor. Macmillan. $3.
Messer, W. S. The Dream in Homer and Greek Tragedy. Columbia University Press.
Murray, Gilbert. The Religion of a Man of Letters. Houghton Mifflin. $1.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Davies, M. C. The Drums in Our Street. Macmillan. $1.25.
Lowell, Amy. Can Grande's Castle. Macmillan. $1.50.
Sandburg, Carl. Cornhuskers. Holt. $1.30.

FICTION

Abbott, H. R. The Merry Heart. Century. $1.40.
Corbett, E. F. The Vanished Helga. Doran. $1.50.
Curtin, D. T. The Edge of the Quicksands. Doran. $1.50.
McIntyre, J. T. Ashton-Kirk, Criminologist. Penn Publishing Co. $1.40.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Cramb, J. A. The Rule of Might. Putnam. $1.60.
Schapiro, J. S. Modern and Contemporary European History. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.
Whitehouse, H. R. The Life of Lamartine. 2 volumes. Houghton Mifflin. $10.

THE WAR

Church, J. R. The Doctor's Part. Appleton. $1.50.
Hayes, R. A. Secretary Baker at the Front. Century. $1.
Hough, L. H. The Clean Sword. Abingdon Press. $1.
Hurd, Archibald. The British Fleet in the War. McBride. $2.50.
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